★Jan. 2, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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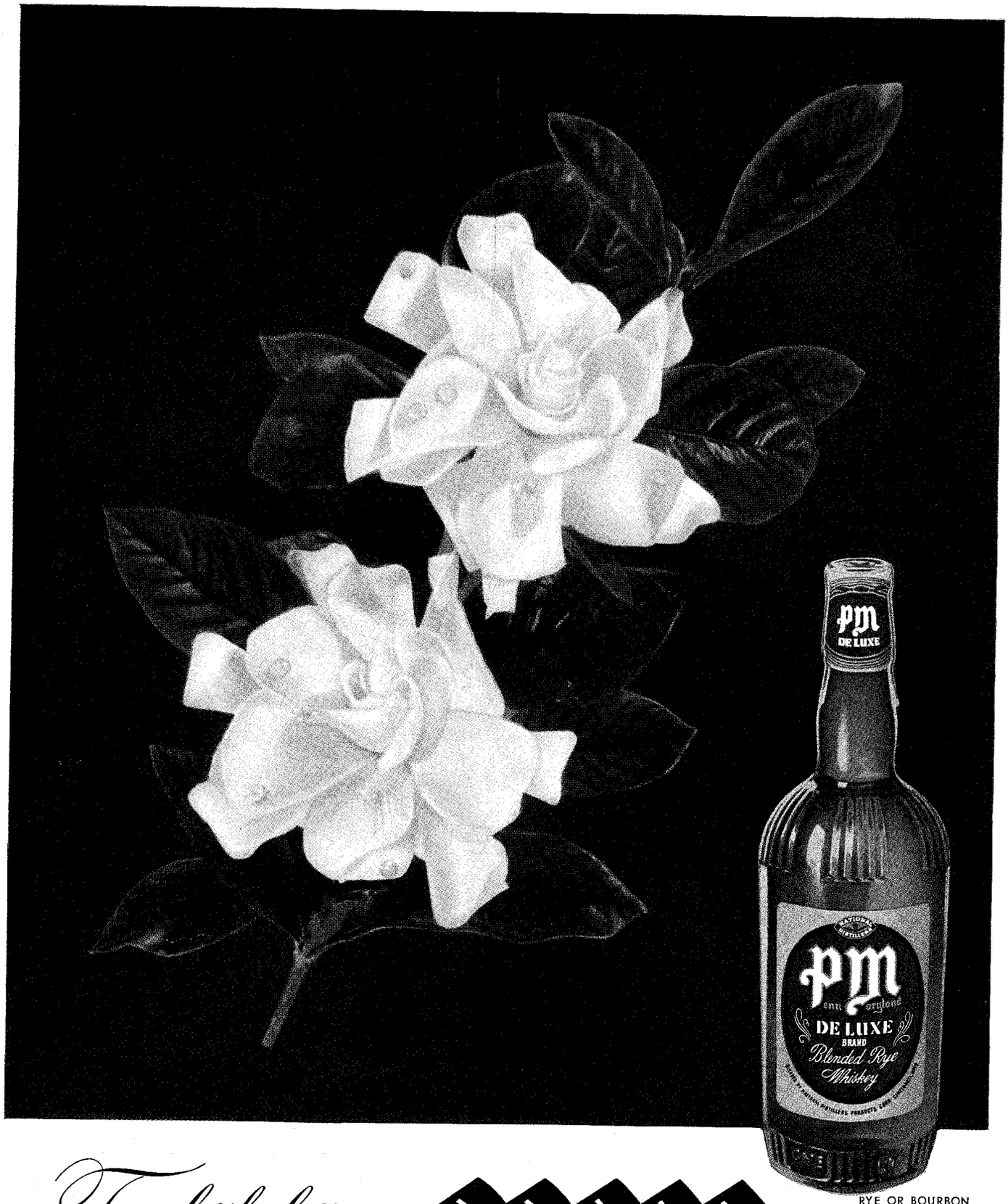

RYE OR BOURBON

Two little letters that **MAKE** *a big evening* **PM**

As the gardenia is the symbol of perfection in flowers—PM De Luxe has come to be the symbol of perfection in whiskies.

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Bombs for Breakfast

As the man says: whatever goes up must come down. In the case of bombs, the all-important question is *where*.

By official count, a remarkably high percentage of the bombs released from Boeing Flying Fortresses* come down where they'll raise the most hell with Axis hopes: at sea, on battleships, cruisers, transports, destroyers, aircraft carriers; on land, atop factories, arsenals, railroads, power-plants, munitions dumps, docks, canals and vital supply centers.

There are two things in particular that make the Boeing Flying Fortress a mailed glove on Freedom's aerial fist.

One is *quality*: the ability to fly a swift, straight course to the target in spite of enemy interceptors . . . and, by virtue of great flight-stability, provide a perfect (and heavily armored) "platform" from which to let loose several tons of death and/or destruction. Score one for Boeing engineers.

The other is *quantity*: the rate at which these bombers are built under the concentrated short-flow multiple-line production system which results in maximum output per man, machine and unit of plant space. Score one for Boeing production men.

There'll come a V-day when Boeing engineering and "productioneering" will turn from paths of war to paths of peace . . . from making the world unsafe for tyranny to making the new, free world a better, brighter one in which to live.

For in designing and building Flying Fortresses, Stratoliners, globe-girdling Clippers and other airplanes, Boeing continually acquires new "know-how" in many fields of engineering: electrical, structural, soundproofing, heating, radio, etc. It's the kind of "know-how" that helps to win wars, and will some day help to make peacetime products better and cheaper.*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of New Year's. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1, at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. This Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Erich von Stroheim, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter and Beverly Bayne. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and at 3 on Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1, at 3.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

The Damask Cheek—Flora Robson in John van Druten's slight but agreeable play about a woman who rescues the man she loves from an actress, the time being 1909. The cast includes Myron McCormick and Celeste Holm. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson's handling of the tragedy of Bataan makes an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

Flare Path—Further word on the R.A.F. and again a disappointment. With Arthur Margetson, Gerald Savory, Alec Guinness, and Nancy Kelly. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson, Linda Watkins, and Frank Amy in a comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and at 3 on Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1, at 2:40.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and at 3 on Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1, at 3.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fourth year. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and at 3 on Sun.)

Native Son—A revival of the play based on Richard Wright's powerful and compassionate novel, with a good many of the original cast, including Canada Lee. As before, it has been staged by Orson Welles. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Jan. 2.)

The Pirate—A costume piece about the West Indies in 1800 that has its bright moments—S. N. Behrman being who he is—but seems to sag every now and then. The Lunts, of course, are in charge most of the time. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Proof Thro' the Night—An all-woman version of "Journey's End," dealing with a group of nurses on Bataan. Pretty elementary, though nicely acted by Katherine Emery, Katherine Locke, Florence Rice, and many other gifted girls. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 9.

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's remarkable fantasy dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superb cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Strip for Action—A pleasant and spirited comedy, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, about a burlesque troupe and an Army camp. The cast includes Keenan Wynn, Eleanor Lynn, and Joey Faye. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Sat. Closes Sat., Jan. 2.)

The Three Sisters—Katharine Cornell's handsome and intelligent revival of Chekhov's play about the ladies who are sick of the suburbs. Her supporting Muscovites include Judith Anderson, Edmund Gwenn, Dennis King, Ruth Gordon, Alexander Knox, and Tom Powers. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Uncle Harry—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Fri., Jan. 1, and Mon., Jan. 4, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Willow and I—Rather confused and talkative play about the tragedy that overtook two sisters who loved the same man. Martha Scott, Barbara O'Neil, and Gregory Peck form the triangle. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Without Love—Philip Barry's play about a marriage of convenience is generally entertaining, although the author's political theories seem a little naïve. Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent head this Theatre Guild cast. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Dec. 31, and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Doughgirls—A farce by Joseph Fields, staged by George S. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon, with a cast which includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Russian People—An adaptation by Clifford Odets and Harris Moss of a melodrama by Konstantin Simonov, with Leon Ames and Luther Adler. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Sweet Charity—A farce by Irving Brecher and Manuel Seff, with Viola Roache and Philip Loeb. Staged by George Abbott and produced by Alfred Bloomingdale. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Ray Bolger in the Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband." Constance Moore, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Carol Goodner and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Fri., Jan. 1, and Mon., Jan. 4, at 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Sat., and at 2:45 on Sun.)

New Faces of 1943—Leonard Sillman's latest collection of budding talent in a revue that doesn't seem quite ready for Broadway. John Lund, Tony Farrar, and Ann Robinson are probably the most promising of the newcomers. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Show Time—Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos are all very fine in this superior vaudeville show supervised by George Jessel. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., except Dec. 31, and Sat.; also Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1, at 2:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Dec. 31, and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman, Allen Jenkins, and Paula Laurence in a musical comedy by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, with music by Cole Porter. Staged by Hassard Short and produced by Michael Todd. Opens Thurs., Jan. 7. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Ruth Draper—Presenting a series of monologue programs in her first appearance here in two years. Thurs. through Sun. Eves., Dec. 31-Jan. 3, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Dec. 31, Jan. 2, and 3. (New York Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40; extra performance New Year's Eve. at 11:55. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and at 3 on Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1, at 2:40.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 31-Jan. 3 and Jan. 7-10; at 8:30 P.M. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Doodle Dandy of the U.S.A.—A musical play by Saul Lancourt and Elie Siegmeister, presented by

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 46, January 2, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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Junior Programs: daily at 2:30 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 2. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067.)

Sue Hastings Marionettes—"Sinbad the Sailor" and "The Puppet Follies," Sat., Jan. 2, at 3:45 P.M. (Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71 BU 8-6220.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season play room for children, with painting facilities and games, as well as an exhibit of modern art selected for its appeal to young folk, will be open weekdays from 12 noon to 7 P.M., and on Sun. and New Year's from 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 17.

DANCE RECITALS

Angna Enters—The dance mime presenting both new and familiar numbers: Thurs., Dec. 31, at 8:30 P.M. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868.)

Doris Humphrey—With her company and José Limon in an all-Bach program played by Roman Totenberg and Lionel Nowak: Sun., Jan. 3, at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room.

***Biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)*—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis will be the feature of the show here through Sun., Jan. 3. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—*An agreeable way to* spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band playing in a fancy setting. Tea dancing Sat.

Pierre, 5 Ave at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Jane Pickens and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, who *is singing in the Persian Room, will be replaced* on Tues., Jan. 5, by Carol Bruce and John Hoysradt. Bob Grant's orchestra will stay on. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This show place of Rockefeller Center will close for the duration of the war after the New Year's Eve celebration. Eleanor French and Leo Reisman's orchestra head the final bill. The Rainbow Grill, where Russ Smith's orchestra is playing, will close simultaneously.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Evan Jones's *orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room.* . . . The Maisonette, downstairs, offers music by Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Lena Horne singing in the gay Café Lounge (at least through Wed., Jan. 6), where Paul Baron's orchestra plays. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Elsa Maxwell is *currently presiding over the doings at this blend* of Broadway and the East Side. The music is by Emil Coleman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra will be in the Wedgwood Room through Thurs., Jan. 7, helped out at the supper hour by Rosario and Antonio and Mischa Borr's orchestra. Starting the following night, Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra will replace Cugat's, and the Hartmans and Borr's orchestra will join in late in the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra *is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.*

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly-lit little place, with a number of competent performers. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, hoarsely singing those songs of hers, is the principal attraction. . . . **la vie parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Libby Holman, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns offers a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a log fire, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small place that has more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra and an all-girl one. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra plays and Anne Francine sings. . . . **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show which includes the Yacht Club Boys. . . . **riobamba**, 151 E. 57 (EL 5-9603): a new one, with Jane Froman, the Chandra-Kaly dancers, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **café society uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra; Zero Mostel is around too. . . . **mon paree**, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): big, stylish murals, a small floor, and medium-sized entertainers, including Adelaide Moffett. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . **astor roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Jan Savitt's orchestra; the place may close for the winter after New Year's Eve. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra will be replaced by Nick D'Amico's on Tues., Jan. 5. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra will be replaced by Sonny Dunham's on Mon., Jan. 4; the ice show will stay on. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a dance floor no bigger than a jeep, and Ron Perry's orchestra. . . . **bill's gay nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter and other entertainers. . . . **jimmy kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **diamond horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **latin quarter**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after Gay Paree when *it was gay, with cancans and all that.* . . . **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American setting, with a show headed by Georgie Price who will be replaced on Mon., Jan. 4, by Carmen Amaya; Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **havana-madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **18 club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): the Revuers have moved in, and there's also Ammons and Johnson as well as Georgie James's orchestra. . . . **nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are on hand in this downtown landmark. . . . **kelly's stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about this one, but there's Coleman Hawkins' band. . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **kretchma**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

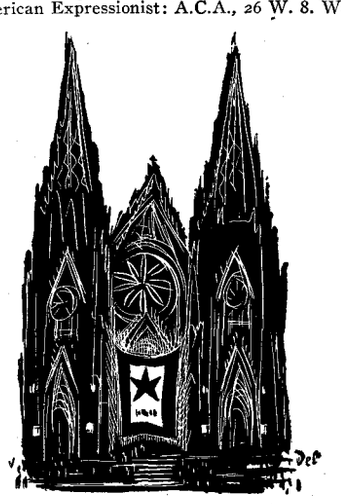
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on New Year's.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155—Paintings, sculptures, architectural drawings, and works in other media by members of the Academy and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—A new museum, housing the Peggy Guggenheim collection of paintings and sculptures by modern Europeans and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Burliuk—Swell paintings by a somewhat neglected American Expressionist: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9.



Daniel Collection—A selection of pastels and water colors from the collection of Charles Daniel, prominent art dealer just after the last war. The work is pretty youthful, but many now-famous names are included, such as Charles Demuth, Preston Dickinson, Marsden Hartley, and Man Ray: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Jan. 2, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

De Creeft—New sculptures, strongly stylized and generally quite effective: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. From 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

Pows—Crisp, agreeable sketches of army life: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2.

Folk Art—Well-selected loan exhibition of paintings and other works by South, Central, and North American artists: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9.

French—Paintings by Corot, Courbet, Delacroix, and other nineteenth-century artists: Schneider-Gabriel, 69 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9.

Grosser—Oils by an artist who is at once bold about design and meticulous about detail: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2.

Groups—At the **marquié**, 16 W. 57: small oils, water colors, and other works by a mixed batch of Americans, including Milton Avery, George Constant, and Gerrit Hondius. From 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31. . . . **midtown**, 605 Madison, at 58: drawings by Isabel Bishop, Edward Laning, Doris Rosenthal, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2. . . . **perls**, 32 E. 58: paintings by various French and American artists and others, in the gallery's annual Christmas showing. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2. . . . **kraushaar**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: small, but soundly selected, show of paintings done during the last war by John Sloan, Gifford Beal, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9. . . . **kelekian**, 20 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by Marsden Hartley, Max Weber, Tamayo, Archipenko, and others. From 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31. . . . **buchholz**, 32 E. 57: prints by American and European artists and small sculptures by Maillol and Flannagan. From 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31. . . . **wakefield**, 64 E. 55: illustrations by Bemelmans, Gergely, and Newberry. From 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

Kandinsky—A retrospective of this artist's work from 1909 to 1938: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

Kleinholz—One of the prize-winners of "Artists for Victory" has his first one-man show: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9.

Marin—Recent oils and water colors, with some particularly fine sea pieces among them: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including New Year's, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The big "Artists for Victory" exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints, offering what's probably the most comprehensive coverage of contemporary American art ever attempted. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

Miró—Paintings, most of them fairly recent, by this master of innocent fantasy: Matisse, 41 E. 57. From 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

Moses—Paintings by a talented primitive from upstate New York: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. From 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Large, highly illuminating international showing of portraiture, with works by most of the important painters and sculptors of the twentieth century. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 24.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by American abstractionists, including Charles G. Shaw, I. Rice Pereira, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Old Masters—Paintings by Memling, Tintoretto, Van Dyck, and other members of the Flemish, Dutch, and Italian schools: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

Poor—Recent paintings, mostly of the California coast, in addition to ceramics and pastels: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. From 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

Shayn—Boldly handled water colors and gouaches, mainly of city subjects: Montross, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The big contemporary-American Annual, this time including water colors, drawings, sculptures, and prints as well as oils. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Jan. 6.

Here and There—At the **460 park**, at 57: the gallery's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 9.

annual of portraits by contemporary Americans. From 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: tempera paintings by Russell C. Veit. From 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31. . . . NEWHOUSE, 15 E. 57: paintings by Angna Enters. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16. . . . ARTISTS', 43 W. 55: paintings by Adolph Gottlieb. Tues., 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 11. . . . VENDOME, 23 W. 55: anniversary showing of oils, water colors, and sculptures by members of the gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Jan. 4. . . . NEWMAN, 66 W. 55: water colors by Joseph Newman. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors by Aaron Berkman. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 9. . . . PINACOTHECA, 20 W. 58: paintings by Hananiah Harari. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 16. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: memorial exhibition of oils by William B. E. Ranken. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mitropoulos conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Dec. 31, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 1, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Jan. 2, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Jan. 3, at 3 P.M.; Wed., Jan. 6, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 8, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Jan. 9, at 8:45 P.M. (Special features: a chorus of New York high-school students, Dec. 31 and Jan. 1; Arrau, Jan. 2 and 3; Mitropoulos as conductor and soloist, Jan. 6 and 8.)

MUSEUM CONCERT—Opening program of an annual symphonic series, Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art (RH 4-7690), Fri., Jan. 1, at 3 P.M.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting; soloist, Serkin: Carnegie Hall, Tues., Jan. 5, at 8:45 P.M.

MOZART CONCERTO SERIES—Third of six concerts, with Clarence Adler and the National Orchestral Association Alumni Orchestra, Barzin conducting: Town Hall, Tues., Jan. 5, at 8:45 P.M.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Jan. 7, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Jan. 9, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., Jan. 8, at 8:30 P.M.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Joslyn conducting: Town Hall, Fri., Jan. 8, at 8:40 P.M.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Marian Anderson, Mon., Jan. 4, at 8:40 P.M.; Isaac Stern, Fri., Jan. 8, at 8:30 P.M.

TOWN HALL—Susanne Fisher, Sun., Jan. 3, at 8:30 P.M.; Mischa Elman, Wed., Jan. 6, at 8:30 P.M.; Hope and John Kirkpatrick, Sat., Jan. 9, at 3 P.M.

ELSEWHERE—At the BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC: Vladimir Horowitz, Tues., Jan. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.) . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE: Jascha Heifetz (a Vassar Club Scholarship Fund benefit), Fri., Jan. 8, at 2:30 P.M. (For tickets, call PL 3-4800, Ext. 2006.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 31; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Jan. 1; "Lohengrin," Sat. Aft., Jan. 2; "La Fille du Régiment," Sat. Eve., Jan. 2; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Mon. Eve., Jan. 4; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Wed. Eve., Jan. 6; "Tannhäuser," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 7; "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri. Eve., Jan. 8; "Lakmé," Sat. Aft., Jan. 9; "La Forza del Destino," Sat. Eve., Jan. 9. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box-office, PE 6-1210.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera, "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Two lightweight matches: Bob Montgomery vs. Chester Rico and Joey Peralta vs. Maxie Shapiro, Fri., Jan. 8; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches start at about 10 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the EASTERN AIRLINES BUILDING, 40 W. 49: an exhibition of counterfeit money assembled by the United States Secret Service and the Chase National Bank, with many examples of bills made by the Japanese for use in the Philippines and Australia, and by the Nazis for use in the conquered European countries. Weekdays, except New Year's, 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: a semi-permanent show of films and other displays touching on home defense, along with numerous other aspects of warfare. New Year's, 1 to 10 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS—A number of Duncan Phyfe pieces that were used a century and a half ago in the home of Thomas Cornell Pearsall, at 43 Wall Street, exhibited in a setting which duplicates a drawing room of that period: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., including New Year's, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY—Four new habitat groups, showing birds in their natural environment on Guadalcanal and other South Pacific islands, have recently been opened in the Whitney Memorial Hall: Central Pk. W., at 79. Sun. and New Year's, 1 to 5 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

GEM EXHIBITION—Engraved semiprecious stones, from Cretan to Roman times, collected by the late Sir Arthur Evans and William Gedney Beatty: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Sun. and New Year's, 1 to 5 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

MORGAN LIBRARY—An exhibition of written works relating to Christmas, including texts of early Nativity plays, rare illustrated editions of Dickens, and illuminated manuscripts: 29 E. 36. Weekdays, except New Year's, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Over a hundred portraits of theatre people, taken by Carl Van Vechten during the past decade: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., including New Year's, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

ON THE AIR—Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Jan. 2, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Mitropoulos conducting, Sun., Jan. 3, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri., Jan. 8, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Lohengrin," with Astrid Varnay, Kerstin Thorborg, and Lauritz Melchior, Sat., Jan. 2; "Lakmé," with Lily Pons, Jacques Gerard, and Norman Cordon, Sat., Jan. 9; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . The inauguration of Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Fri., Jan. 1, at 12 noon, WJZ. . . . Football games, Fri., Jan. 1: Cotton Bowl, Georgia Tech vs. Texas, at 2 P.M., WOR; Orange Bowl, Boston College vs. Alabama, at 1:45 P.M., WABC; Rose Bowl, U.C.L.A. vs. Georgia, at 4:45 P.M., WEAF; Sugar Bowl, Tulsa vs. Tennessee, at 3:15 P.M., WJZ. NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8:30 P.M., WHN. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

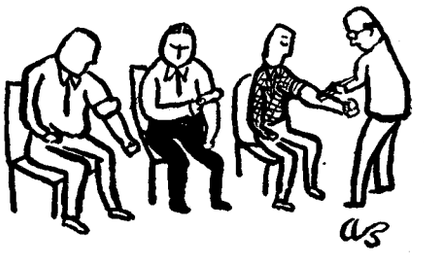
AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—French and English eighteenth-century furniture, paintings by Watteau, Schall, Huet, and other artists of the French school, Georgian silver, porcelains, and Oriental and French rugs, from the collection of the late Condé Nast: Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 7-9, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Paintings by Hoppner, Constable, Bonheur, Bouguereau, and other English and European artists, from the collections of Mrs. Frederic J. Merrick, the late Leon Hirsch, and others: Thurs., Jan. 7, at 8 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

BAMBI—The life of a Disney deer in a Disney forest, based, of course, on Felix Salten's book. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sat., Jan. 2.)

THE BLACK SWAN—Piracy and pretty clothes in a Technicolored adaptation from the Sabatini novel. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)



CASABLANCA—About forged passports, underground movements, and other intricacies of life in the North African port before the Allied invasion. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan in an adaptation of the play about what happens to city folk who wander into the country. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Jan. 1. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Jan. 2. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 1-4. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 2-5.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—The career of a British destroyer, with lots of authentic excitement. Noel Coward wrote and directed it and helped with the acting. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

MRS. MINIVER—A long, intensely dramatic film of the war and what it does to gentle, very unwarlike family people in England's pleasantest small towns. With Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, and Dame May Whitty. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sun. through Thurs., Jan. 3-7.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—What can happen in a room in Greenwich Village, when the subway's right below you and the sidewalk's just over your head. Rosalind Russell, Janet Blair and Brian Aherne. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Jan. 2. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Jan. 4.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—James Cagney in the life story of the late George M. Cohan, which includes the old songs, scenes from the great shows, tunes, and hoofing in the grand style. With Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, and Walter Huston. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

REVIVALS

ARISE, MY LOVE (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and the war. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 1-3.)

DAYBREAK (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 1-4.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Wed., Jan. 6.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Jan. 2.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 5-6.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., Jan. 3-5.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Art, 36 E. 8; Mon. through Wed., Jan. 4-6.)

THE LETTER (1940)—Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson in Somerset Maugham's drama about the Singapore of other days. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 2-4. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 6-8.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Dashiel Hammett's best-seller. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 5-7.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 1-4.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 2-4.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in the Philip Barry piece. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 4-5.)

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED (1940)—The old Sidney Howard drama of life on a California grape ranch. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Sat., Jan. 6-9.)

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP (1939)—The second "Topper." Constance Bennett, Roland Young, and Billie Burke. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 6-8.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—THURS. AND FRI., DEC. 31-JAN. 1: "Grass" (1925), documentary film. SAT. AND SUN., JAN. 2-3: "The Doctor's Secret" (1908); "Gertie the Dinosaur" (1909); "His Bitter Pill" (1916); "The Freshman" (1925), Harold Lloyd. MON. AND TUES., JAN. 4-5: "The Smiling Madame Beudet" (1923); "Ballet Mécanique" (1924), directed by Fernand Léger; "Entr'acte" (1924), directed by René Clair; "Menilmontant" (1925). WED. AND THURS., JAN. 6-7: "Rebellion, Mutiny in Odessa" (1906); "Kino-Pravda" (1922); "Kombrig Ivanov" (1923); "Potemkin" (1925), direct-

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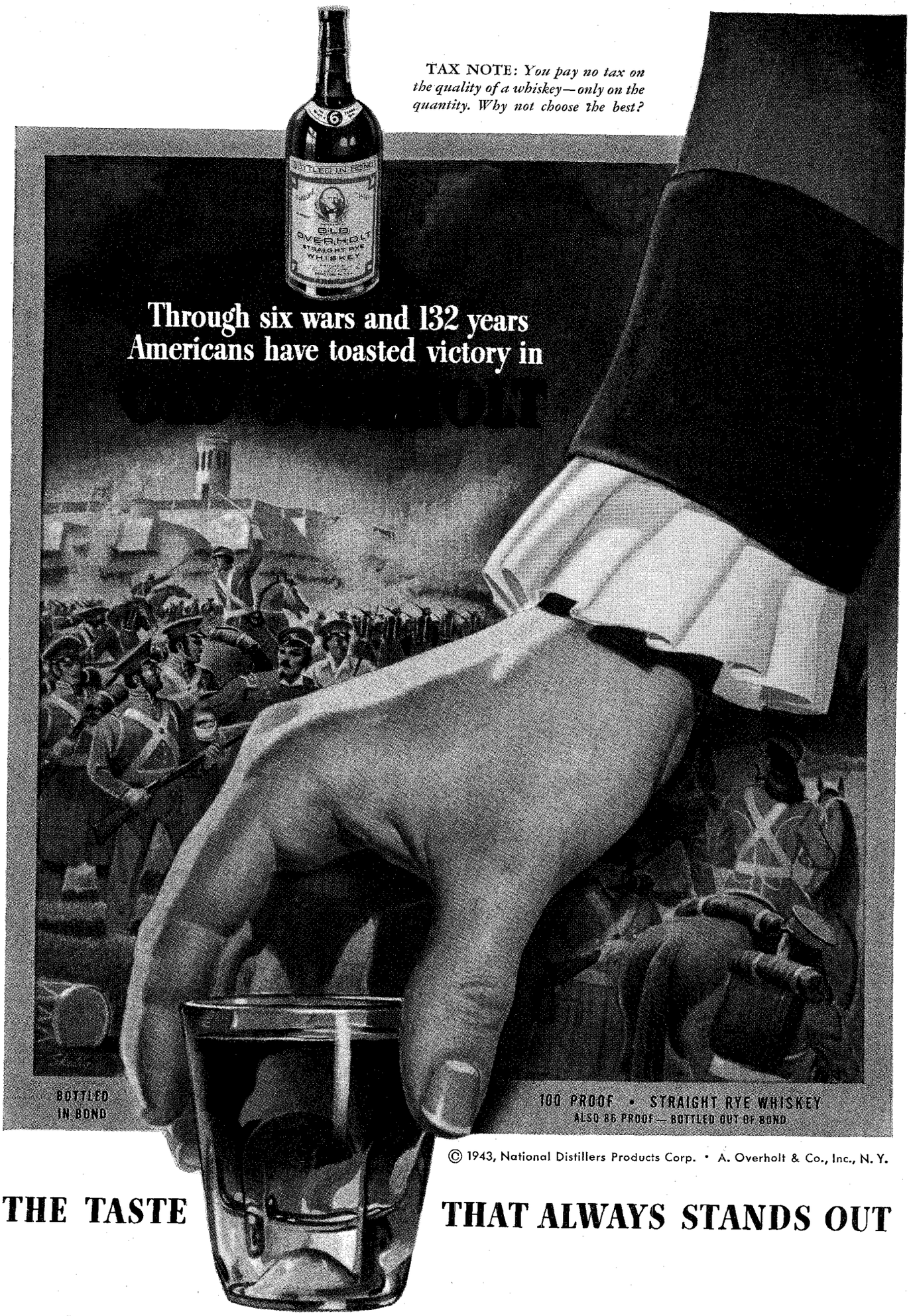
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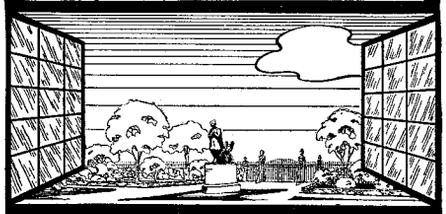

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on the fact that these deviations, in a mild form, are latent in most of us. That is why I do not think you can toss this book aside as exhibitionistic trash. It is a true human document and will remain so as long as paranoia is human.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

YOUNG WOMAN OF EUROPE, by Ruth Feiner. The tragic story of Hitler's triumphant bestiality and Europe's prewar, complacent indifference to it, told through the life of a half-Jewish, half-"Aryan" German girl. The story begins with the heroine's childhood just before the first World War and takes her through the early years of Nazi persecution to final exile in London. The author writes with angry vehemence of a world finding comfortable refuge in delusion. However much one may share in such righteous indignation, in the end it becomes tiresome. The book is one more proof, if proof were needed, that it takes a Tolstoy rather than a run-of-the-mine novelist to fictionize world catastrophe.

GENERAL

TWENTIETH CENTURY AUTHORS, edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft. You probably didn't know there were eighteen hundred and fifty of them worth biographical treatment. They're all in this outsize, brightly written, gossipy biographical dictionary. Photographs.

ANOTHER SECRET DIARY OF WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER, edited by Maude H. Woodfin, deciphered and collated by Marion Tinling. More of the Virginia planter's diary. This newly discovered section runs from August, 1739, to August, 1741. Byrd seems to have been the reverse of young saint, old devil, and, at sixty-five, a rather dull dog besides. Most of the book is made up of a number of letters, "characters," and discourses about Byrd's earlier and sprightly life in London. If you have a taste for minor eighteenth-century satire, you may enjoy some of this. Facsimile pages.

THE WORLD OF GENERAL HAUSHOFER, by Andreas Dorpalen. As you probably know, Major General Karl Haushofer is headmaster of the school of geopolitics—that odd mixture of political geography and other sciences, German metaphysics at its bleariest, and the sweet, simple German yearning to possess the earth. The author's attempt to explain the theory and its application, with the use of copious selections from the leading German writers in the field, is somewhat hampered by the fact that he himself doesn't seem to appreciate how completely phony it is. Flaccid, often downright careless writing. The introduction by Colonel Herman Beukema, U.S.A., is both sensible and scholarly. Maps.

THE MERMAID AND THE MESSERSCHMITT, by Rulka Langer. Mrs. Langer, a Polish woman educated at Vassar, went through the siege of Warsaw and later managed to bring her two small children to America. Not at all weighty, perhaps, but told with a civilized balance and an eye for moving detail. Fluently written. The mermaid, by the way, is the city emblem of indomitable Warsaw.

GENERATION OF VIPERS, by Philip Wylie. Tub-thumping diatribe against American customs in such matters as religion, sex, war, medicine, mother worship, and business, all leading to the not very novel conclusion that we'd better begin improving our world by first improving ourselves. The publishers say that it will shock nine out of ten people. What they should have said is that it is *meant* to shock nine out of ten people.

EXCHANGE SHIP, by Max Hill. Experiences of the Americans interned in Japan after the war broke out and of their long voyage home aboard the Asama Maru and the Gripsholm, recounted by the former bureau chief of the Associated Press in Tokio. A good deal of fresh information, soberly handled.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE YELLOW VIOLET, by Frances Crane. Patrick Abbott, detective, and Jean Holly are about to be married in San Francisco when a beautiful girl who has lost her brother asks for help. Mr. Abbott sends her to another detective. The detective is shot, Mr. Abbott's wedding is postponed, and Jean Holly joins the chase for the murderer. Superspies and a few not so super. Nice writing.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From Time*]

It serves some 40,000 meals a day from Salton Sea (246 ft. below sea level) to Climax, Colo. (11,320 ft. above) and in many cases houses them too (total cost: $1.75 a day; $1.50 for meals, 25¢ for rooms).

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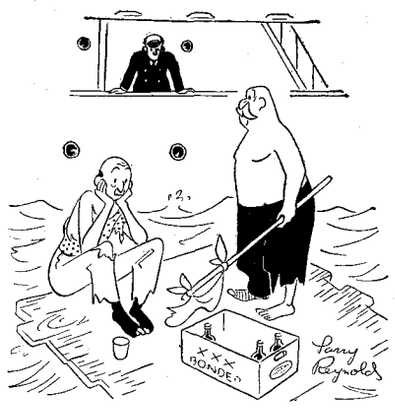

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Dali's paintings have wondered (unless his subconscious and ours happen to correspond) just why certain motifs occur over and over again: teeth, soft watches, sodomitical skulls, ants and grasshoppers, desolate seacoasts, broken columns and arches, fried eggs, embryos, coronets, bats, crutches, shoes, excrement, grand pianos, lions, and lobsters mounted on flexible telephones. We know that these are not mere fancies but reasonably precise symbols of his unconscious drives, loves, and repulsions. His book is pretty clear in its explanation of just why each of these odd objects is used in his work. The effect on the reader is mixed: you gain a better comprehension of Dali's art but it no longer seems half as funny. It may be remarked in passing that virtually all of the most famous Dali props come out of a few childhood traumas, which he describes in great and invariably nauseating detail.

Speaking of nausea, it is my duty to warn off queasy-stomached readers. The book is full of personal anecdotes that have to do with blood, excrement, eccentric sexual manias of all sorts, and a whole series of odd tastes, such as a passion, so far unconsummated, for eating turkeys cooked and yet living. Dali is a bad boy, and if you think bad boys should not be permitted to write their memoirs, you had better not poke your nose into "The Secret Life."

When Dali is not talking about himself, he is talking about his wife, Gala, of whom perhaps the safest thing to say is that she seems to make him a very fine mate. His book is approximately equally divided between Galamania and Megalomania. I do not believe any other human being has ever written about his wife as Dali does, and I cannot believe anyone ever will again.

Reading "The Secret Life" is something like spending a night locked up all alone in a waxworks horror show. It's easy enough to say it's unreal, repulsive, silly—but you know that these adjectives do not tell the whole truth. The maddening thing is that our antagonism to Dali is based not alone on the obvious fact that he glories in his own deviations from the norm but also

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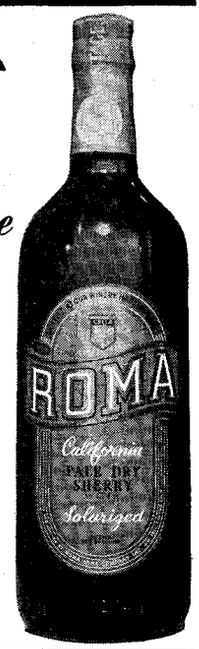

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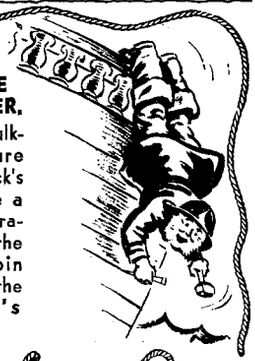

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER,
"Swinging a caulking mallet sure raises a shellback's thirst. I'll make a Tom Sawyer's traverse towards the captain's cabin for a tot of the *Wanderer's* spirits."

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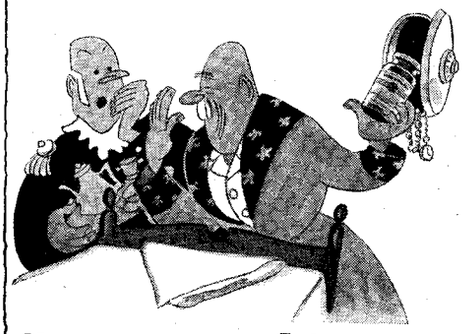

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BOOKS

Reports from England and the Subconscious

THE Beveridge Report — its full-dress name is "Social Insurance and Allied Services" —is now available. It is not a revolutionary document, though there is something revolutionary in the fact that this detailed blueprint for the elimination of want in Great Britain could be sponsored by a Conservative government. Its importance for us is obvious. It is a touchstone that may permit us to determine which of us is truly interested in that Freedom whose lack renders the other three meaningless. For, as Sir William quietly remarks, "The main problems of social security are common to all nations."

The author of the Report, who can hardly be accused of demagogy or sans-culottism, actually endorses the dangerous doctrine that want is unnecessary. This doctrine will doubtless irritate those who are convinced that to assure a man he will not be permitted to starve is equivalent to depriving him of his "freedom."

The Beveridge Report is neither diverting nor exciting reading. It is composed in Civil Servant English, a jargon remarkable for its impenetrability. Nevertheless, it has all the earmarks of a crucial historical document. Perhaps few of us will want to push through its pages of close argument and thornbushes of statistics, but it's worth the purchase price—one dollar —to become familiar with the main elements of this calm, nonpartisan scheme for the immediate future.

NO man in our time, not even Hitler, has exploited his own paranoia with greater efficiency and self-consciousness than has Salvador Dali. He has cunningly converted each and every one of his full set of manias into art forms of extraordinary effectiveness and repulsive beauty. And now he has used them again in another medium. "The Secret Life of Salvador Dali," written in a feverish, cascading, tumescent prose, is a grinning nightmare of a book whose originality you cannot deny.

The publishers of this monstrous performance describe it as "a human document uninhibited by false modesty." It is uninhibited by modesty of any sort. "At the age of six," writes Dali, "I wanted to be a cook. At seven I wanted to be Napoleon. And my ambition has been growing steadily ever since." "Modesty," he remarks, "is not my specialty." This is true of many of us, but we differ from Dali in that megalomania is not our specialty, either. Dali speaks of his megalomania somewhat as if it were an interesting special talent, like ambidexterity or exceptional vision. Indeed, he takes it so for granted that one might almost say he is modest about it.

There is no way to determine how much of this book is the truth, how much fantasy, how much falsehood. My guess is that there is very little plain lying in it but a good deal of self-deception. For example, Dali claims to have precise memories of his intra-uterine life. (As a matter of fact, the entire book is pervaded with such a longing for his original habitat that he might well have called it "A Womb of My Own.") But when you analyze these cozy memories, they sound familiar enough, for they are but a free translation of what is to be found in psychoanalytical literature, literature of which Dali is a truly conscientious and perceptive scholar. Does Dali really remember his prenatal life? Or is he remembering the books he has read? Or is he kidding? Or all three?

Most of us who have goggled at

"It's all right, Officer. I'll go quietly."

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MUSICAL EVENTS

—and Answers, Too

QUIZ QUESTION: How long did it take for the most popular American composition for piano and orchestra to be placed on a New York subscription-concert program of any major symphony orchestra? The answer is nearly two decades. George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," introduced to the world in February, 1924, didn't turn up on the regular Philharmonic-Symphony programs until Christmas Eve, 1942. Why this celebrated work hadn't been admitted to the dignified precincts of Carnegie Hall subscription events until last week might also be a quiz question, but the answers to that one don't matter much. The Rhapsody somehow has got along for nearly twenty years, and it probably will continue its cheerful career after most other piano-and-orchestra music written between 1924 and 1942 has been and gone, as much of it already has.

José Iturbi, who had previously played the Rhapsody in a two-piano version at a recital in town, was the soloist for the entry of the composition to the subscription parties, and he batted it out with easy brilliance and properly plastic rhythms. The surprise of the evening, however, was the conductor, Dimitri Mitropoulos. You mightn't have expected so much gaiety and humor from a maestro whose programs generally run to serious entertainment. He didn't swing it, the Rhapsody not being swing music, but he let it ride, and the orchestra unlimbered with reasonable success. The audience put up one of the biggest ovations of 1942, and for a while I thought there might be a repetition of the Rhapsody, this time with Mr. Mitropoulos playing piano and Mr. Iturbi conducting. No such luck, though.

Mr. Iturbi also appeared as a composer, playing his own Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, an effective bit of *espagnolerie* which the attendance enjoyed thoroughly and which might interest other pianists who are looking for agreeable additional repertoire. Earlier in the program Mr. Mitropoulos and the orchestra offered Bach's third suite and Brahms' third symphony, both overdone enthusiastically.

BY way of New Year's greetings, here are a few other quiz questions with which you might entertain or possibly annoy your friends. At least one of the problems has bothered several experts on whom it was tried, and all of them may require a little thought before they can be answered.

Name two operas in the current Metropolitan repertoire whose heroines are Lucia. ("Donizetti's 'Lucia,' of course," they'll tell you, "and—" If the pause becomes too long, you say, " 'La Bohème.' " Mimi's real name is Lucia, as she remarks in her famous aria.)

Here's something for Wagnerians, and it shouldn't worry them. There are at least two Wagner works with auditions in them. Another contains a quiz program, and still another has an announcer. So? ("Tannhäuser" and "Die Meistersinger" contain singing contests, and the examination of Walther in the first act of "Die Meistersinger" is a super-audition. The quiz takes place in "Siegfried," when Mime and the Wanderer swap riddles. The announcer is the Herald in "Lohengrin.")

This season the Metropolitan is producing an opera that contains music composed by a native of New Orleans. ("This season" is only put in to make it a little harder; the opera is "Carmen." Recitatives were added after the death of Bizet by Ernest Guiraud, who was born in New Orleans and lived for most of a long and helpful career in France. If "The Tales of Hoffmann" were in the active Metropolitan repertoire, Guiraud would be represented again. He completed Offenbach's most celebrated opera after the composer's death. Guiraud's own last opera, by the way, was completed by Saint-Saëns.)

The next one is pretty tough except for people who are interested in such things, but you never can be sure who is interested. What did Léo Delibes and Arthur Sullivan have to do with Gounod's "Faust"? (Delibes made the piano arrangement. Sullivan edited an English printing of the opera.)

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Anthony Colin, 2, flung himself over a five-foot, heavy wire cashier's compartment, seized a fistful of money and leaped out. He zigzagged through the crowded aisles, dodging counters and customers—except the one whom he knocked into the pickle jar.—*San Antonio (Tex.) News.*

All hopped up with orange juice, probably.

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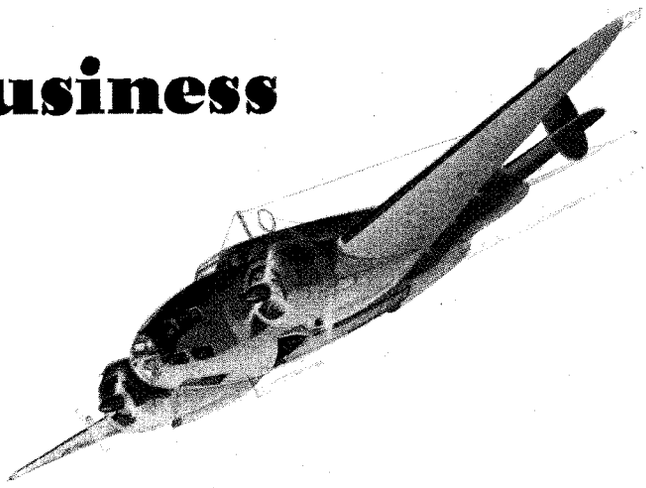

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

White Man's Burden

IN "Arabian Nights," a muddled film about the old days in the Near East, you get a hint of the sort of problem that movie minds are sometimes up against. A boy actor named Sabu, an Indian from India, has been knocking around Hollywood from the time he achieved success in the picture "Elephant Boy" some five years ago. One company or another has always had this novelty on its hands—this small brown curio it had invested in and was anxious to find some use for. The little fellow is known to get along well with elephants, but that's a knack that's a shade too special, even in Hollywood. He also has an accent that is strangely like Sonja Henie's, but although he himself may get a bit of fun out of it on the telephone, this coincidence can really be turned to very small commercial advantage. Willy-nilly, pictures have had to be made, preferably in Technicolor, with parts in them for this dark-complected young pup, and "Arabian Nights" is a typical consequence.

The story is not one you will find in the original "Kitab Alf Laylah wa Laylah," or in Antoine Galland's "Mille et une Nuits," or in Sir Richard Burton's English translation. It is a brand-new scenario having to do with hostilities between the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid and a brother of his named Kamar, and, just to show you how far it has strayed from any text you can name, Scheherazade is a character in the story, not its narrator. She is a dancing girl who is mainly responsible for the trouble between the al-Rashids. Sindbad and Aladdin are in it, too, as a pair of comics. Sabu plays the part of a lad named Ali; not Ali the Persian, Ali the camel-driver, Ali Baba, or any of the other recognized Alis, but Ali the acrobat. Scheherazade and Harun are played by Maria Montez, a Latin-American girl, and Jon Hall, a muscular type, both of whom probably offer their employers the same sort of disposal problem as young Sabu. The picture is filled with horses, Arizona scenery, and confusion. But then, perfection belongeth only to Allah the Most High.

IF the Russians have time for making movies and exporting them to this country, it's a shame they don't make them a little more comprehensible to Americans than, for instance, "Fortress on the Volga," which is a pretty bumpy account of the defense of Tsaritsyn in 1918 and the parts played by Stalin and Voroshilov in that defense. Maybe the main fault lies in the English titles. You get an impression that the actors aren't actually repeating themselves as often as they do in translation. The best parts are the strong, silent ones which show the citizen army in action. . . . "The Great Gildersleeve" features Harold Peary, who comes from radio and, if everybody will just be patient, may go back to radio in time. The picture is about a small town which looks somewhat less attractive than a leper colony.

—DAVID LARDNER

• •

THE IMMORAL ARCTIC

The Eskimo, explorers state,
Little regards the marriage vow.
Lightly the bride deceives her mate.
It makes you sort of wonder how.

Come forth, my love; the Northern Light
Wavers in glory o'er the snow;
We'll dedicate to love this night.
It's only forty-five below.

Your husband in the igloo snores,
Heedless of love's adventurers.
Come forth to God's great out-of-doors!
You'd better put on all your furs.

And it will be sufficient bliss
To sit and drink your beauty in.
I dare not kiss you, for a kiss
Is likely to remove the skin.

The Eskimo's incontinence
Is what explorers make report of.
I don't contest the evidence;
But still, it makes you wonder, sort of.

—MORRIS BISHOP

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dant motion another group toward our machine, but the driver pointed to us and said possessively that we were his people.

After we had gone a little distance, my father said, "You've been at this so long you must have started in the horse-and-carriage days."

"Sure, and it was an all-day trip in them times. Everybody used to stop at Niederstein's for eats, but nowadays everything's over so quick everybody at the funeral goes home to dinner."

"Niederstein's was one of my bicycle stops," my father said enthusiastically. "I remember their ham-and-cheese sandwiches."

"You bet—real big ones that made a whole meal. And the beer always tasted fine after them hot summer drives from New York."

"Racketeers' funerals were always pretty fancy, weren't they?" I asked. "Did you ever drive for one of them?"

"I worked Frankie Uale's," he said proudly. "The bunch that knocked him off sent a great, big bleedin' heart of roses."

"You mean the people who shot him sent flowers to his funeral?" my mother gasped.

"Absolutely," he said. "It was a matter of business like. They hadda get him out of the way but they wanted to show they was real sorry."

It was timeworn information about a practice familiar to most moviegoers and newspaper readers, but it was a part of the passing scene in which my mother had never interested herself.

"Well, I never heard of such a thing!" she said, dazed. "And a bleeding heart, too."

"Yes, Ma'am," the chauffeur said.

By that time we were recrossing the bridge, and he turned to ask us where we lived.

"Eighty-seventh Street," I answered. "But won't that be—that is, haven't you got another—ah—"

"Don't worry," he said heartily. "I got a hour and a half to kill before my next one. You know, a couple weeks ago I was on a Chinatown funeral. Thirty-five cars. There was plenty of Americans, too. The guy musta been a big man."

I had heard once that Chinese use dragon figures to frighten evil spirits away from the departed, and I asked if it was true.

"That must be in books or somethin'," he said. "This was like any white person's funeral, only bigger than most."

Driving uptown, he turned and said, "This was real nice, drivin' folks who wasn't heavy mourners and talked natural."

"Thanks," said Father. "It's been very interesting talking to you, too."

"Yeah," he said, smiling happily, "I guess this gas rationin'll bring back the old days, like when automobiles was a novelty and people came along to the cemetery just to ride in 'em."

When we reached our home, he jumped out and opened the car door. My father gave him a dollar as he stepped out of the car, and the man, touching his cap, grinned broadly. He opened his mouth, and I'm certain he was about to say, "See you again soon," but he checked himself in time, waved goodbye, and drove off to his next funeral. —RICHARD OSK

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "I Predict for 1942," an all-out symposium of prophecy printed in Look Magazine for December 30, 1941.*]

Within a month of mid-March, Hitler will invade Spain, Portugal and North Africa—which are vital to his war against America.—*John T. Whitaker, war correspondent of the Chicago Daily News.*

Japan has lost the initiative.... It cannot effectively attack Britain, Russia and the U.S. unless: (a) The Nazis utterly rout the Russians; (b) the Chinese-Allied front collapses or heavy civil war breaks out in China; (c) we withdraw our fleet from the Pacific. None of these three things will happen.—*Edgar Snow, expert on Asia.*

The East Coast will see a token bombing.

England will get a spring blitz, with gas.

Japan will be checked by military and economic pressure.

Most isolationist representatives and senators up for re-election will be defeated.—*Raymond Clapper, columnist and commentator.*

Unless Japan backs down, it is war. If it's war, Japan will be swiftly and decisively beaten.—*Major George Fielding Eliot, war analyst.*

Germany will offer peace decked in terms appealing to British pride, American idealism and Europe's pitiful need for recovery. Either the person of Hitler will be removed by his own promise to retire, or the Army will oust him.—*Raymond Gram Swing, radio commentator.*

Next fall the Nazis will be forced to consider once more the chances of a successful invasion of England. They may turn instead toward Spain, Portugal, the Azores and Canary Islands.—*Harry Flannery, former C.B.S. commentator in Berlin.*

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE

1942 WAR RUN BY RADIO

For Instance...

... the patriot forces of Yugoslavia continue to fight. Over its secret radio Gen. Mikhailovitch's headquarters announced the fall of Domberlin after the killing, wounding or capturing of over 3,000 Axis troops. (news item)

... importance of radio in this war is emphasized by the army establishment of radio mechanic and operator schools in Stevens and Congress Hotels at Chicago ... it is reported that capacity will be about 15,000 men taking 14 weeks training. (news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news — you'll find it in the air — on the ground — and at home!

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

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JUST FOR THE RIDE

NOT even the strictest funeral etiquette could hold that in this case it was obligatory for us to go along afterward to the interment, we decided on the way to the chapel. The deceased had been an amiable, generous gentleman whose life had been pleasant and useful, but he was a second cousin whom we'd seen perhaps half a dozen times in the past ten years and whose death was not untimely, as he had recently passed his seventy-eighth birthday surrounded by many healthy, happy descendants. For us, at least, there was no sharp, painful sorrow but rather a gentle, objective regret.

"Just the same, if Aunt Maud or Jerome asks us if we want to go," my mother said, "we'll have to say yes."

My father and I nodded in doleful agreement. Little rankling bitternesses that run through a family for years can spring from nothing more than not going out to a cemetery.

"The best thing to do," Father said, "is leave as soon as the service is over. The place you get caught is where you talk to people on the sidewalk afterwards."

We chose a rear pew. The organ droned a sombre softness into the moist, flower-laden air, and presently the clergyman began speaking in deep, practiced tones, skillfully weaving family statistics and genuinely appropriate laudatory phrases into a firm, fitting eulogy. The service closed with a hymn, and a slow, general exodus began.

Being near the door, we were among the first outside. A black sedan-limousine stood at the curb and a frock-coated attendant held the door open and motioned toward the interior with respectful sympathy. Relatives were streaming out behind us. We got into the car.

We didn't speak for a while. The partition between the driver's compartment and ours was lowered, and we concentrated on his elderly, impassive neck, trying to think of something to say that wouldn't sound callous or flippant. We reached the Queensboro Bridge before I thought to ask where we were going.

"Cypress Hills," my father said, looking over at the blue iciness of the East River. "There was nothing else for us to do, absolutely nothing."

We rode sedately through the simple flatness of Ridgewood, and father mentioned that he used to come through these sections on bicycle picnics when he was a kid. "This must be Ridgewood Avenue," he said. "Looks just like the old days."

For the first time the chauffeur spoke. He cleared his throat apologetically and in a hushed voice said that it was Fresh Pond Road.

"Sure, that's right," Father agreed. We were relieved somehow that the man had entered the conversation. "I guess you've been out this way many times," my father added.

"Been drivin' funerals for forty years," the chauffeur answered. "It's the only kinda drivin' I ever done." He turned around and looked at us. His face was red, round, cheerful, and Irish, but his tone was quiet and restrained. "You're not the chief mourners?" he asked carefully.

"Oh, no," my mother told him. "We're just distant relatives."

"Aha," said the chauffeur in a suddenly relaxed, normal voice, "this'll be a joke on Flanagan."

We were silent and he must have felt some further explanation was necessary. "Flanagan's the guy what hires out these cars," he said. "He always puts me at the head of the line to get the chief mourners, because they're usually the first outa the funeral parlor and I'm a experienced funeral driver. New guys sometimes get a little nervous hearin' all the cryin', so they break 'em in on friends or nieces and nephews or cousins of the deceased."

"Funerals don't depress you?" my mother asked.

"Not me, lady. I been at it so long I just watch the lights and think of my own troubles. I wouldn't of spoke to you people except I noticed I wasn't hearin' no cryin' and you was all talkin' natural."

We arrived at the cemetery then and stood silently with the others, watching the brief, solemn rites. When we started back toward the cars, I saw an atten-

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little weeding-out here and there would have brightened the effect immeasurably. Despite this, however, the great gusto of the man shines through, and the show as a whole is a good one. Burliuk, I've long felt, should stand high on any list of fine but neglected American artists. For some reason, his slight naïvetés of style and the mixed mannerisms he uses have blinded the majority to his solider virtues, and he has never yet attained the full recognition due him. His work varies greatly (that's his trouble), but when he's at his best—in his Expressionist phase—he's the equal of dozens of other painters of higher reputation. See his "Her Fiancé," with the sense of rugged, throbbing life it gives to its simple scene on the Russian steppe; or the small, sunny "Harvest Song;" or "On Staten Island," with its sky almost literally raining blues on the setting beneath.

WHAT promised to be an important opening, and wasn't, was the showing of pictures from Charles Daniel's collection, now on at Knoedler's. Daniel, you'll recall, was the proprietor of the Daniel Gallery, one of the real focal points for the emerging American artists of the nineteen-twenties, and in prospect it seemed that everything he'd had his hands on would just have to be good. Something went wrong somewhere, however, and the show as a whole is intensely disappointing—so disappointing, in fact, that I find it hard to believe that the pieces on view there are things which either Daniel or the artists involved set much store by. Only pastels and water colors are in the current exhibition, and I understand that oils from the collection will be displayed later. Meantime, you may get some slight pleasure from studying the early styles of Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, Arthur Dove, and Preston Dickinson—all represented, and all of them, fortunately, men who went on to more brilliant productions later.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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THE ART GALLERIES

Backward Glance

AFTERTHOUGHT articles in which the critic returns to discuss some show he has already reviewed have never been particularly in my line. Things move so fast in the galleries that I just never seem to have time for them. Nevertheless, I can't resist turning back for a few paragraphs to the Modern Museum's "Twentieth Century Portraits" exhibition. I mentioned it in my last piece, if you remember, but what with the Metropolitan's "Artists for Victory" exhibition and all, I didn't give much space to it, and I've come to feel that I didn't do it justice. As I think of it now, it seems to me to be one of the most important shows we've had in these parts in years.

It's important, principally, because it offers the first really full, well-rounded, and sympathetically selected survey of its subject that I, with my fairly short memory, can recall, and the odd thing about it is how well the work stands up under scrutiny. There are a number of questions we ask about portrait painting today, all based on the easy assumption that the modern stuff is lousy. Why, we ask, don't the modern men get that glow, that sense of the majestic, which the older ones did? Why don't they get a likeness, or, if they do get a good academic likeness, why is it that the painting often has no other value whatever?

The camera has something to do with the second question, of course; it takes a certain amount of artistic naïveté to compete with that instrument nowadays. (It's worth pointing out, incidentally, that one of the best "likenesses" in the show, and by far the most truly Renaissance in feeling, is John Kane's semi-naïve "Self-Portrait.") In answer to the first question, there's no doubt that with the rise of the democratic principle the whole attitude of the artist toward his subject has changed. Sitting down before a wealthy patron today, he no longer feels the sense of religious veneration, of near divinity that went with power in the old days. Instead, if he's any great shakes as a painter to begin with, he is likely to feel that he's just as good as the other man, and maybe a little bit better. So awe vanishes, and with it a good deal of that glow and that sonorousness which we talk about; what you get instead, too frequently, is just another businessman in a sack suit.

There are other faults, too, which are less often mentioned. There's a tendency, on the one hand, to confuse portraiture with genre, as in Raphael Soyer's otherwise admirable "The Artist's Parents," and, on the other, to reduce it to caricature, as in Jean Charlot's "Lincoln Kirstein." Both troubles, I think, arise mainly from the difficulty about likenesses which I mentioned earlier; at bottom, they just represent ways to "get around" the camera. Worse still, and more generally noticeable, is the tendency to allow the subject to merge with the background and so rob it of monumentality. This, I think, is principally a hangover from Impressionism, which decreed that the subject was unimportant as against the play of light over all.

What the show brings out, though, and with really satisfying assurance, is the fact that modern portrait painting has developed new values to make up for these failings, and if I've spent so much time on the latter, it's because the whole course of work in this field deserves the soberest consideration possible. Behind all the conflicting styles, the main trend in recent times has been always toward deeper and deeper perception, and though certain other characteristics may have been sacrificed in the process, the gain sometimes outweighs the loss. No artist of the earlier schools, for example, ever set out so frankly to paint not the mere shell of woman but woman in all her warmth and sensuousness as did Renoir in his "Mme. Tilla Durieux;" the result is a canvas so packed with emotional intensity as almost to take your breath away. It's not portraiture at all in the old sense, perhaps, or it's so only partly. It is something different, more personal and more interpretive. But whatever it is to be called, this picture and others in the show prove that modern painters, though they have followed other paths than the ancients, have at last risen pretty close to the same level artistically.

DAVID BURLIUK is sixty years old, and the A.C.A. is showing sixty of his oils and water colors in honor of this. All were painted this year, a considerable output for any artist, and a good deal of the work shows the haste of production; there's no doubt that a

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OF ALL THINGS

AS this is written, there is reason to hope that de Gaulle will cooperate with the new High Commissioner, General Giraud. They both hate Hitler and neither has a drop of Vichy in his veins.

•

We are told that the advance of the Red Army toward Rostov threatens the safety of a million Axis troops. The Nazis may have to put on their next blitzkrieg in the general direction of home.

•

American motorists who have trouble getting gas will enjoy the sorrows of Adolf. He went clear to the Caucasus for oil and didn't even get a windshield wipe.

•

The British Eighth Army has now reached the arid wastes of Tripolitania. All the soldiers can see is sand, rocks, and Rommel's heels.

•

It is good news that the United Nations are gaining air superiority in the Pacific. The Japs are losing planes faster than they can be built and pilots faster than they can be grown.

•

Experts believe that the year 1943 will show a slow but steady fall in Hitler's fortunes. On the other hand, there is a possibility that his decline will be meteoric.

•

The Supreme Court rules that Nevada divorces are valid in all other states. Let no man join together what Reno has put asunder.

•

Final election returns show that the Republican vote was 8,000,000 less than in 1940, but the Democrats lost 14,000,000. The administration merely suffered from the unfair distribution of apathy.

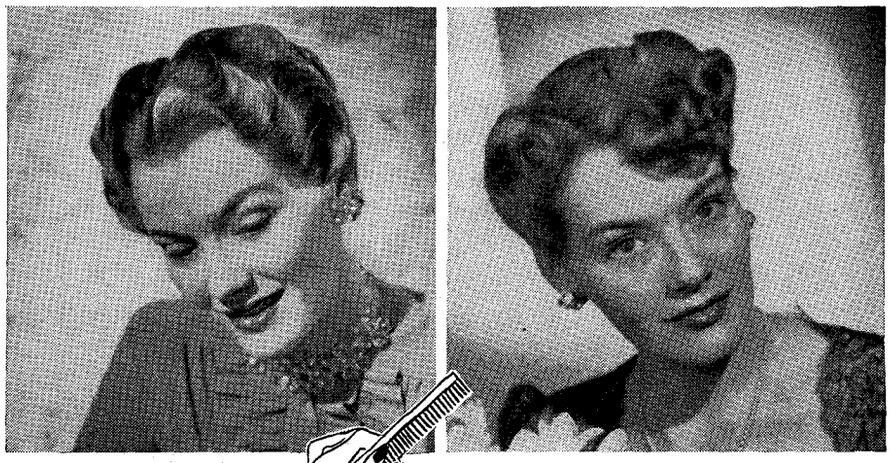
•

Reports indicate that the Italian people would love to accept our kind invitation to get out of the war. They are unable to do so, however, because of a previous engagement.

•

It is no surprise to learn that there is a serious shortage of butter. For some reason, butter is always something you have to have guns instead of.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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country; $25. The whole Bonwit Teller performance, particularly in the way separate pieces have been worked out so that they can be combined with one another, seems to me perfection.

THOSE of you who treasure beautiful fabrics and have a tailor, big or little, who is particularly adept in cutting, for your figure, those forever-and-ever tailored suits should give some thought to Hunt & Winterbotham, 702 Fifth Avenue (55th), where English woollens by the yard are presented in a leisurely British atmosphere. There are wonderful checked tweeds; look at a red, olive-green, and greige one to be made into a jacket and at a plain olive-green for the accompanying skirt. A fabric called Elkskin, much admired at this shop, resembles a member of the gabardine family except for its herringbone weave. Bermuda doeskin turns up in twenty colors ($11.50 a yard, but it's sixty inches wide), and, for the Ultimate, there's vicuña.

AT 56th and Madison, connoisseurs croon over Bernath's fine silks imported from China and England—raw silks, satins, men's silk shirtings, foulards, and dozens of others. These are used in blouses, either ready-to-wear or custom-made (it takes only three or four days), which cost from $12.95 to $29. Among the favorites are some that have quilted or horizontally stitched bosoms and fasten with small pearl buttons or studs; they are lovely, and, with skirts made to match, form dresses that you would cheerfully wear for years. Here you will also discover handsome tailored suits made of foulard or surah or of the hard-finished worsteds particularly recommended by Bernath for their wearing qualities. The English suèdes, which are becoming rarer and rarer in this country, appear in forty-five different colors. You can have a suit of Napoleonic influence, for instance, in soft blue suède with a gold suède stand-up collar, or you can be more conservative, if you wish, whether you're after dresses, suits, or topcoats. Good suèdes need little except good cut to make them dominate almost any scene.

IF I seem to harp on sports and tailored things in this and subsequent columns, it is for several practical reasons. First-rate fabrics keep their distinction even after long wear, so the best you can afford is never money thrown away. Expert cut and line are timeless; simplicity never bores you, as eccentric whims inevitably do; and an absence of frills is particularly in tune with times like these. As a matter of fact, this severity may be all for the best in small ways as well as large: out of the need for clothes that will stand up may come that consciousness of Line which is the essence of smartness and which the average American woman, unlike the Continental cosmopolite of old, sadly lacks.

—L. L.

• •

ELEGY IN A THEATRICAL WAREHOUSE

They have laid the penthouse scenes away, after a truly phenomenal run,
And taken apart the courtroom, and the bright, shiny office, and laid them all away with the cabin in the clearing, where the sun slowly rose through a smashing third act.
And the old family mansion on the road above the mill has been gone a long time,
And the road is gone,
The road that never did lead to any mill at all.

The telephone is gone, the phone that rang and rang and never did connect with any other phone,
And the great steel safe, where no diamonds ever were.
They have taken down the pictures, portraits of ancestors lost and unclaimed, that hung on the massive walls,
And taken away the books that reached the study ceiling,
The rows and rows of books bound in leather and gold, with nothing, nothing, nothing inside,

And the bureaus and the chests that were empty to the brim,
And the pistols that brought down so many, many curtains with so many, many blanks.

Almost everything is gone,
Everything that never held a single thing at all.

—KENNETH FEARING

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE used to be a lot of lovely theoretical talk in days gone by about a phenomenon called the "combination wardrobe." This consisted of things that you supposedly could wear with aplomb in town or country, formally or informally, winter or summer. Back in those extravagant times the sole excuse offered by the designers for triple-threat costumes of this sort was that they made life easier for the now-prehistoric creature called the traveller. It was a pretty artificial excuse, too, when women had the time and inclination to put a lot of thought and money into clothes, and because the designers weren't on solid ground, the practicality of the costumes they produced usually turned out to be nil—your country tweeds looked boisterous in the city and your two-in-one dinner dress and house gown looked grim next to formal tulles. Now, however, the need for clothes that can sail through a variety of unexpected occasions is a real one, for the majority of women have no set pattern of life and do not know what the day after tomorrow may bring. It is a pleasure to report that those same designers who once were puttering with an almost nonexistent problem have now buckled down and done a fine job in the emergency, turning out quantities of clothes that can function amiably in a wide assortment of rôles.

Bonwit Teller's beach and sports departments, for example, have been quick to respond to a new desire for sports clothes that can also appear in town and be just as good for informal dinners as for lounging at home. Here you'll find Clarepotter's charming little gathered skirt in wool jersey or crêpe, with two bands of the same material to keep the stomach flat and the waistline slender. She also has wonderful black velveteen slacks that are slim in the leg and have a high waistline in front and a low one in back to flatter the hips. In frivolous times they would be relegated to nothing more than after-skiing duty but now are a temptation for any weary woman to wear after a shower at the end of a trying day; $18.95. You'll also find quantities of two-piece outfits in various fabrics, consisting of tunics with matching skirts or those well-cut slender slacks at which Bonwit excels. The shirts here couldn't be better. Among them is Clarepotter's broad-shouldered tailored crêpe model with a pastel polka-dot front and dark, plain sleeves and back. Plain tailored rayon shirts with padded shoulders, equally suitable for your tailored suits, your sports clothes, or the top of a lounging costume, appear in colors like chartreuse, flame, bright blue, and, what is rare, black. If you prefer your blouses to be a bit more frilly, you'll find some nice long-sleeved affairs that have ruffles on the bosom and would be good from dawn through dinner; $11.95.

As for dresses, there is a lovely collection of Wragge rayon ones for young figures. Some of these, in, say, an artichoke print with brown traceries on a pale-blue ground, have round necklines, plain or gathered, and skirts that are likely to be gathered and moderately full and to have pockets set in at the hips. A one-piece model that looks like a blouse and skirt has a buckled belt, a chartreuse top, and a dark-green skirt, and would be at home in either town or

"Let's try a sixteen and see what happens."

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heroes involved (particularly those making their last pictures before joining up) jeer heartily at themselves in this situation. They refer to the commissioned Hollywood Great as Vitagraph Commandos. The ultimate in this attitude was contributed by Humphrey Bogart on the set at Warners during the filming of a saga called "Action on the North Atlantic." Starring in the cast were Bogart and Raymond Massey. On the sidelines stood merchant-marine and Navy experts and many of the naval rubberneckers referred to above. In the scene that was being shot a lifeboat filled with men drifted in the water below the listing side of a freighter while the captain and the first mate prepared, at a treacherous height in the crow's nest, to swing themselves down the ropes to the lifeboat. The time came for action. Technical experts lit gas pipes under the water, sending flames upward and igniting gasoline on the surface. Other experts threw out oil slick. Still others set off bombs that released clouds of black, oily smoke. Actors and bystanders alike began to choke with the fumes, and Navy men looked at each other and nodded their quiet approbation. From well behind the spectators came the voice of Bogart, taunting Massey. "You may be a better actor than I am, Ray," he was saying, "but *my* double's braver than *your* double." —LIPSTICK

•

ANAMOSA—At a wedding Friday afternoon Opal Wink, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Wink of Anamosa, became the bride of Marvin Blink, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Blink of Central City.—*Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette.*

With a straight face?

•

As the waitress clears the table she looks over your best cloth or lace for any spots and takes them out, if she can, then and there, before removing it: using (to repeat) cold water for bloodstains.—*From "A Home of Your Own," by Henrietta Ripperger.*

Go ahead and repeat. We love it.

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[*Advs. in the Suffern (N.Y.) Ramapo Valley Independent*]

LOST—Beagle Hound, female, black and white, tan markings. Last seen near home. D. W. Hopper, Suffern. Phone 185-M. Reward. 11-28-c.

LOST—Beagle Hound, Black and Tan, male. Last seen near Kakiat Farm. Reward. C. B. Otto. Suffern 431. 11-28-c.

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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

HOLLYWOOD
DECEMBER 23

THE instant you set foot on Hollywood soil these days, everyone, from suburban matron to independent producer, anxiously asks you, "What do you think of Hollywood's War Effort? *Don't* you think we are more war-conscious than the East?" After some research, my answer to this is—well, yes and no. Certainly, on the surface there is in Hollywood less of the fanatic bustle and the avid get-Hitler look of many of our New York women, who too often enter restaurants in uniform, scream, "I'm dead!," and prattle in penetrating voices of their doings in the canteen. I understand that when Hollywood had its brief epidemic of women in uniform last spring, it was a supercolossal production that no one could top. Couturier imagination devised, among other things, divine sky-blue uniforms with cerise chevrons. When you see uniformed women now, though, they are usually going home to change after some hard and sober work at the Red Cross or the Navy Hospital. Given a glimpse of the wounded from the South Pacific, even the most frivolous woman stops thinking of war as a thrilling game.

One aspect of the War Effort that is peculiar to this community is the battalion of heroes and heroines in civilian clothes who have worn themselves to a shadow on bond-selling tours. Almost every arriving train and plane disgorges glamour girls and boys, their beautiful bodies bent at right angles from nights of sleeping sitting up, their eyes smudged with fatigue as the result of keeping to their schedules of personal appearances, lunching with mayors, dining with local lions, and making a dozen unplanned informal appearances. In many towns, they report, they have to fight to get time to themselves for a shower, so conscientious are the self-appointed committees for "cheering up the boys" at nearby camps. And the moment they get back here they are quite likely to find the Army waiting with its hands full of needles, impatient to give them all kinds of antitoxin for a morale jaunt overseas.

ENLISTED men on furlough battle to get to the Hollywood Canteen to dance with pretty starlets, though some grumblers have been heard to remark that they'd feel more popular if press agents didn't trail along to take photographs of their patriotic clients as they engage in war work. Critical members of our armed forces have occasionally even suspected that press agents pick the male partners for their photogenic qualities—brunet if the starlet is blonde, burly and blond if the starlet is dark and petite. However, there is no town in the United States that doesn't have its quota of citizens who like a dash of publicity with their patriotism.

The War Effort in a place like Hollywood, assuming there *is* any other place like Hollywood, inevitably has its comic side. The cardboard structure of Hollywood makes the real look phony and the phony real. The star under the spotlights, with oil and dirt artistically sprayed on his face, appears a far more important figure than any rubber-neck tourist, even if the tourist happens to be a commander with a Navy Cross, just off the Pacific and impossibly neat and clean. The many technical advisers employed to verify the authenticity of war pictures may be West Point graduates, but a technical adviser is just a technical adviser on a sound stage, and he ranks well below an assistant cameraman. In the dining room at Warner Brothers, I gawped at a number of gentlemen in fancy uniforms—some shorts-and-sun-helmet types and some in dark green with more red-and-gold doodads than have been seen since "The Student Prince." They looked just like an Easterner's idea of character actors, and I innocently asked what epic was being made that required this comic-opera casting. They were only sightseers, I was airily informed—a Czech colonel (Czech colonels apparently wear four stars), some English colonels (in the shorts), and three colonels of the Red Army, just off the California desert after tank maneuvers and dying to meet Joan Fontaine. They were sightseers, just like me, to be shoved around by grips, bawled out for coughing during a take, and pushed out of the way while attention was concentrated on a moving-picture star whose uniform was carefully mussed and whose face was being lighted to look haggard and handsome withal.

It is only fair to note that many of the

Dress Parade Manicure

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Peggy Sage has worked out a new DRESS PARADE MANICURE that is calculated to stand up through long hours of war work and last to register loveliness on your short, precious "hours off." It's the most complete, most wonderful manicure in town. It costs a dollar, but your war-busy hands deserve it—weekly. Phone—Plaza 3-9011

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FOR LUNCHEON, COCKTAILS AND DINNER

where pleasing surroundings and adept service accent the enjoyment to be had from fine food and delicious drinks.

A delightful rendezvous for after-theatre entertaining.

Park Ave. at 48th St., New York City

Frank W. Regan, Manager

Minister has naturally come down hardest, won't have a salesgirl under forty-five when the new regulations become effective, and competition for the services of the rest will obviously be fierce. Perhaps the only Mayfair tradesmen who weren't gloomy about the prospects last week were the hairdressers, to whom Mr. Bevin thoughtfully accorded easier terms for keeping their key operators out of the factories, since a neat head is held to be an invaluable booster of feminine morale, as much for factory girls themselves as for that now rare species, the lady of leisure.

If the latter commodity is in short supply over here nowadays, so is old-fashioned pride, judging by the fascinating advertisements which appear daily in the columns of the *Times*. Eighteen months of clothes rationing are presumably responsible for the increasing number of ads offering, with full name and address and no stuffy British reticence, to sell and buy second-hand furs, shoes, men's clothes, and even such intimate articles of apparel as pure-silk lingerie. For some time parents have been passing on their children's old clothes to friends with younger offspring as a coupon-saving measure, and boys and girls have become accustomed to meeting last winter's coat walking down the street on someone else's back. Maybe this habit is now going to gain ground with the adults, too.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(LEPIDOPTERA DIVISION)

[*From "The Gates of Aulis," by Gladys Schmitt*]

She felt minute and multitudinous vibrations, as if her breasts and thighs were being touched lightly by the wings of countless agitated butterflies.—*Page 278.*

. . . she had felt as if every part of her that touched him was being crossed by swarms of tremulous butterflies.—*Page 279.*

. . . it's as if the light were fluttering and crawling over me like butterflies.—*Page 297.*

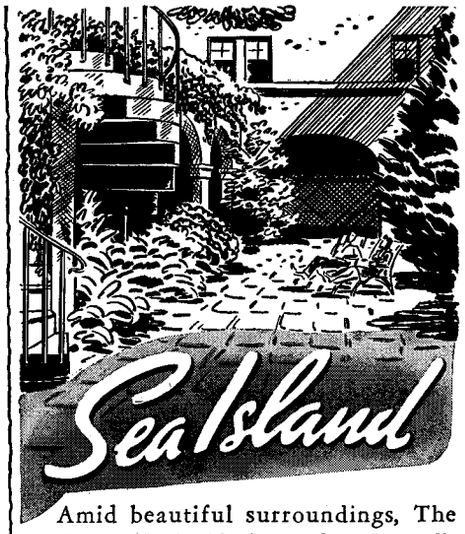
. . . there was something familiar and disquieting about the coming and going of his breath. Like the moving wings of soft, small creatures—like moths or butterflies.—*Page 304.*

. . . the quaking and creeping of multitudinous butterflies.—*Page 401.*

. . . feeling in the stirrings of the wind the muted confusion of a legion of butterflies.—*Page 493.*

. . . darkness filled with the winged agitation of multitudinous butterflies.—*Page 521.*

. . . the hands touched her . . . awakening remembrance of multitudinous butterflies.—*Page 572.*



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SAVOY-PLAZA

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Don B. Burger, General Manager

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LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 27 (BY CABLE)

WHAT with the superbly good Russian news and the continued retreat of Rommel, most grownup Britons felt that their Christmas stockings had been generously filled, even though the children's were on the meagre side this year. If, in the occupied countries, there was anything like the surge of grim satisfaction with which Darlan's removal was received here, this shouldn't prove a happy New Year to Quislings anywhere. With the best will in the world toward the known American opinion, few Britons had apparently been able to look at the Darlan deal from a purely military angle. Darlan's record was too much hated a part of the black sheet of European events for that. The feeling of the man in the street was recently summed up by Low's cartoon in the *Evening Standard* showing Mr. Eden as a dapper conjurer plucking the Admiral out of the hat and being heckled from the audience by Wendell Willkie with a shout of "Now make him disappear." Though it's not supposed that Darlan's departure has completely cleared the French political horizon of the threat of future squalls, it has undoubtedly brought to London a general sense of relief.

IT'S now reasonable to suppose that this fourth Christmas of the war may be remembered as the one which brought the phrase "after the war" back into active circulation. Certainly one hears it being used far more frequently and confidently now than for some time past. People talk about the end of the war as though it were a perfectly matter-of-fact objective on the horizon and not just a nice pipe dream.

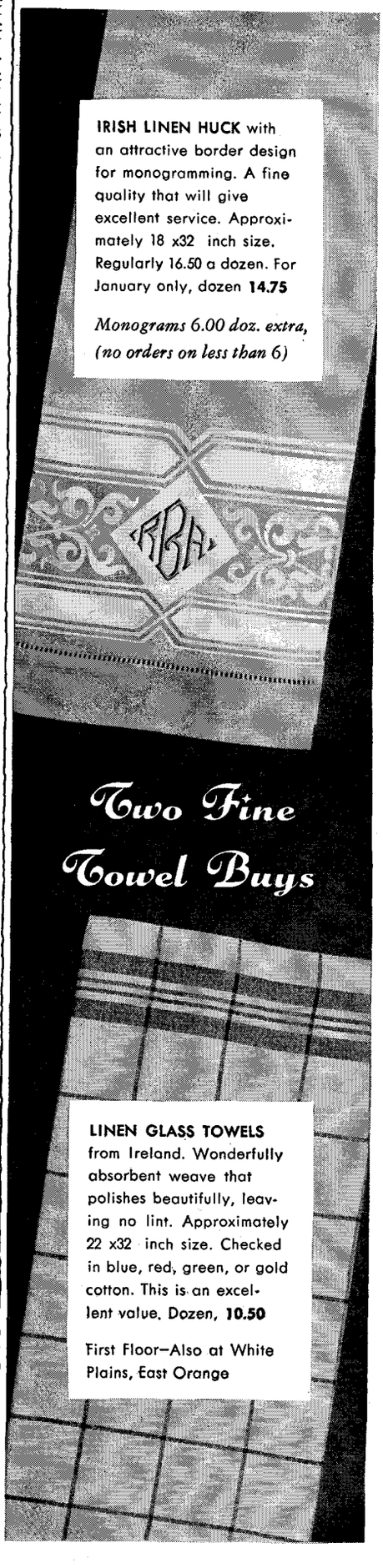
The recent holiday season, besides being the brightest as far as outlook goes which this country has had since the horrors started in Europe, is also likely to linger in the public's memory less cheerfully as one of the most expensive which ever bore down upon the pocketbook. The cost of all traditional garnishings which weren't price controlled, from mistletoe to food and drink, soared alarmingly during the last few days before Christmas. The toy racket tardily drew stern official attention, rather too late to do much good for parents who had already in desperation shelled out high prices for shoddy rubbish.

One of the gayer manifestations of the festive spirit has been the bower of tents and greenery which suddenly blossomed in the sombre, gutted shell of John Lewis's bombed Oxford Street store. This was a Potato Christmas Fair, sponsored by Potato Pete, a creation of the Ministry of Food's propaganda department to make starch-stodged Britons eat even more home-grown tubers and go slow on the imported wheat loaf. The show was visited on its opening day by Lord Woolton, by a baby elephant called Comet, who proved too heavy (perhaps from too much patriotic spud-eating) to be able to negotiate the wooden gangway down into the wrecked basement, and by hordes of the public who dutifully received hot baked potatoes from Father Christmas and signed a visitors' book beneath the vow "I promise as my Christmas gift to the sailors who have to bring our bread that I will do all I can to eat home-grown potatoes instead."

THOSE who remembered that particular Oxford Street site as a scene of blackened, smoking desolation may well have felt that its lively new lease of life was just another sign of the optimistic spirit in which 1942 is ending. Maybe it's thought at the top that too much optimism is as bad as none at all, for several official utterances lately have warned the people that the ramparts they watch are still the white cliffs of Dover and that an attempt upon them is quite in the cards at some moment when Hitler may believe that popular attention has been diverted elsewhere.

Should this moment arrive with the spring, Englishwomen may be fighting, if not side by side with their menfolk, at any rate just behind them, for it was announced last week that the War Office was about to break down and admit women into the Home Guard for noncombatant duty. The noncombatant clause is likely to disappoint the more militantly minded, who, led by Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., have been gunning for some time for the formation of a corps of housewife snipers on the Russian model. It is certain, anyway, that during the coming year, whether or not women will be shouldering guns, an increasing number will be drafted into making them, inasmuch as Mr. Bevin's plans for a further call-up of employees in the retail trades are sweeping. Luxury shops, on which the

McCutcheon's


IRISH LINEN HUCK with an attractive border design for monogramming. A fine quality that will give excellent service. Approximately 18 x32 inch size. Regularly 16.50 a dozen. For January only, dozen 14.75
Monograms 6.00 doz. extra, (no orders on less than 6)
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LINEN GLASS TOWELS from Ireland. Wonderfully absorbent weave that polishes beautifully, leaving no lint. Approximately 22 x32 inch size. Checked in blue, red, green, or gold cotton. This is an excellent value. Dozen, 10.50
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An M-G-M Picture
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ma of a young woman who is obliged to choose between her husband, who is an R.A.F. pilot, and a fading but still reasonably glossy Hollywood star whose mistress she had been in the frisky days before the war. Both the boys need her —the pilot because he has lost his nerve, the actor because he has lost his waistline and his public. In addition to this problem, not a very hard one under the circumstances, there is a subsidiary narrative about a Polish flier, a count who has married an English barmaid. Nothing much comes of that, either. Altogether, I suspect that "Flare Path" is just another demonstration of the sad fact that British war plays are rarely suitable for export. The triangle is formed by Arthur Margetson, Alec Guinness, and Nancy Kelly, who love and suffer stylishly under the bombs.

NATIVE talent also took a crack at the war last week, when "Proof Thro' the Night," by Allan R. Kenward, blasted its way into the Morosco. This all-female drama deals with the behavior of a group of nurses under fire at Bataan, and it, too, is moderately silly. The girls, an even dozen of them, representing a diversity of peacetime employment ranging from burlesque to social service, scamper in and out of their converted gun emplacement, reporting shrilly on the progress of the battle and bickering, as ladies will who have been cooped up too long together underground. Some of their conversation is, of course, heroic, but more of it is just hysterical (there is a nervous breakdown somewhere on the stage practically every five minutes), and from time to time the talk takes a biological turn that might be more suitable in a company of marines. The plot is melodramatic and rather untidy. One of the nurses, it seems, has been peddling military information to the Japanese, and in the process of discovering her identity suspicion falls on practically everybody in the cast. I am obliged to admit that the solution came as a surprise to me, since I had my eye on a sinister little number who kept gulping down a mixture of benzedrine and codeine, but I really didn't care much one way or the other.

The management has assembled quite a company for this singular blend of "The Women" and "Journey's End" —Katherine Emery, Katherine Locke, Thelma Schnee, Florence Rice, Muriel Hutchison, Florence MacMichael, and several other ladies hardly less eminent. They all played with easy assurance, though the set was rocked by high explosives and their hair was full of sand.

ON the ground that the Christmas season belongs to the children, I would like to be able to say something nice about Leonard Sillman's "New Faces of 1943," at the Ritz. I'm afraid however, that my duty to the old folks comes first, and I can only give Mr. Sillman and his kiddies credit for a good try. The faces are new enough, God knows, and their owners are usually decorative and even occasionally talented, but they are handicapped both by their inexperience and by a shortage of good material. John Lund, the tot responsible for most of the sketches, is, I should say, a very promising humorist, but his inspiration runs pretty thin before the evening is over, and even his best numbers would be a lot better if somebody, conceivably an adult, had got to work on them with a blue pencil. I won't go into the music, since I don't remember much about it, except that the accompanying lyrics contained a lot of not even approximate rhymes for which some bright child ought to be spanked. It is reckless to try to predict which members of the cast will eventually graduate from Mr. Sillman's kindergarten into the grade school of a full-sized Broadway production, but I would take a chance on Mr. Lund, who is a wry, self-possessed comedian as well as a writer; Tony Farrar, a gifted, if slightly overenthusiastic, mimic and tap dancer; and Ann Robinson, a colored girl equipped with humorous teeth and a good, hearty way of roughhousing a song.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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HOW TO ESTIMATE WEIGHT OF FISH

The following formula will give a fairly accurate estimate of the weight of a fish:

Take the length and girth; then multiply the girth square by the length, and divide the total by 800. For example, a fish 30″ long and 20″ in girth; 20G x 20G=400 girth square x 30 length= 12,000 total. 12,000 divided by 800=15. Approximate weight 15 lbs.—*Abercrombie & Fitch catalogue.*

Now to dig a few worms!

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"Two cases of Club Soda and a bottle of aspirin"

MADAM looks like a very patriotic citizen, but that is *not* the Victory sign she's giving, unless you want to call it a personal victory in the field of thrift. She's ordering *two* cases of Club Soda, at Macy low cash prices, so she'll save twice as much as if she bought only one. We do hope, however, that she'll dole the drinks out to her guests with a firm hand, for we don't approve of planned overindulgence in anything, even at New Year's, though we've always been in favor of preparedness and aspirin on the shelf. And now we'll drop the whole subject and confine our remarks to a bit of advice for 1943. To wit, in times like these *everyone* feels the need to save, both in everyday life and on party nights. That's why we don't hesitate to recommend New York's Most Popular Store to one and all. We've spent 84 years keeping the cost of living down, and our present efforts run the gamut from diamonds to diapers, mink to market baskets, pianos to patchwork quilts. So whether you're still clipping coupons or brooding on past grandeur, Macy's is your dish. Our 84-year-old, low-for-cash price policy will help you wade through 1943 in the style to which you'd like to be accustomed.

Now more than ever, it's smart to be thrifty. **macy's**

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THE THEATRE

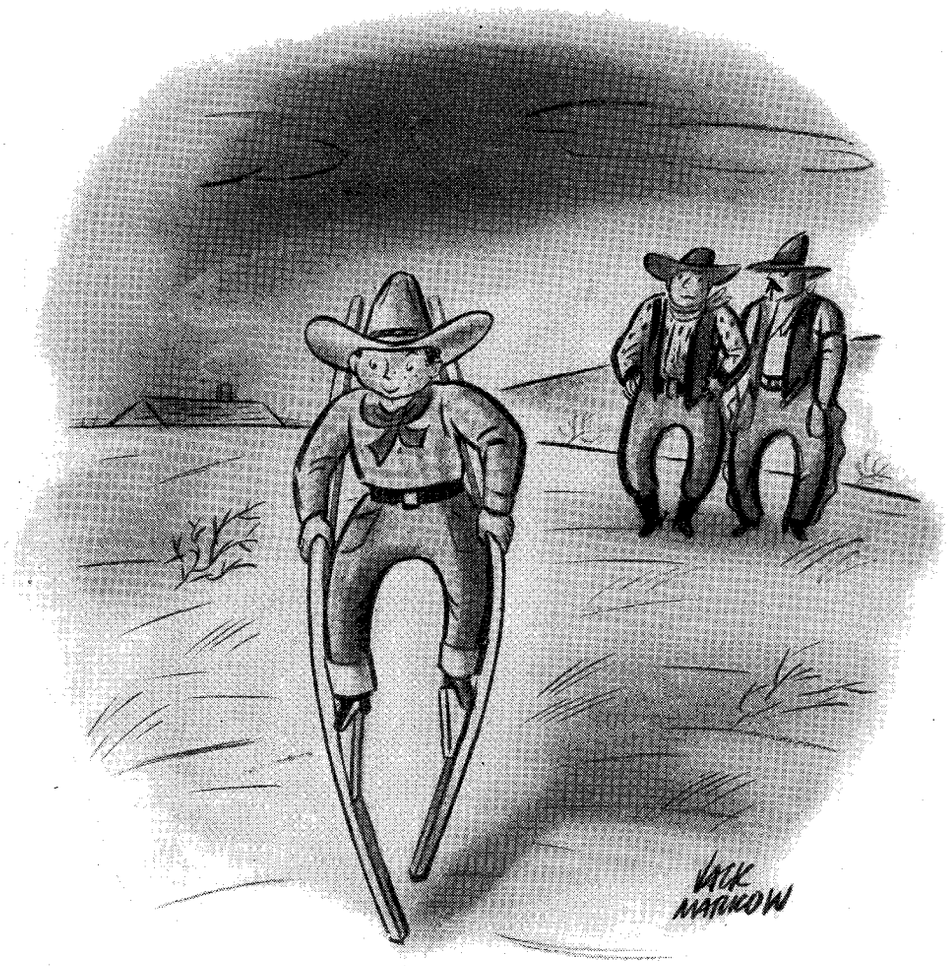
RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

KATHARINE CORNELL'S revival of "The Three Sisters" is the sort of performance that leaves the reviewer in a fairly uncomfortable spot. It is probably one of the artistic triumphs of the season, but it is obviously not for everybody. Nor is the problem a simple matter of aesthete versus Philistine, since many educated and sardonic playgoers will certainly find it rather oppressive, while just as many theoretical illiterates will admire it without restraint. On the whole, I guess, the ideal spectator should have his own share of the paradoxes that make up the Russian character—an outlook on life both childlike and worldly, a sense of humor that derives almost equally from the graveyard and the nursery, and a mind in dubious balance between hilarity and rich gloom. Such people are almost sure to enjoy the absurd, tragic, long-drawn-out, and practically definitive study in frustration at the Ethel Barrymore. All others, with the exception of earnest scholars and theatrical technicians, are warned to think twice.

Just how Miss Cornell happened to light on "The Three Sisters" is something of a mystery, especially since her own part is by no means spectacular, but there can be no question that she has done handsomely by it. Unlike a doomed version of the same piece that turned up here three years ago, with whimsical scenery and its own ideas about what old Chekhov was trying to say, the current production is without notable monkeyshines. Miss Cornell has been content to rely on a superior acting company and Guthrie McClintic's remarkably intuitive direction, and it seems to me that she has come as close to the real spirit and meaning of the play as anybody could reasonably wish.

There are a few things that bother me mildly. Almost inevitably, with a cast containing so much expensive and militant talent, there are moments when the whole seems to be rather subordinated to its parts and certain scenes assume an arbitrary importance. Judith Anderson's opening speech as Olga is so prolonged, so daringly chopped up and punctuated by silent excursions around the stage, that it becomes a brilliant and distracting technical accomplishment rather than a piece of necessary exposition; Ruth Gordon's Natasha, a diabolically effective piece of work for the most part, rises sometimes to a pitch of murderous fury that may be a little excessive, especially when she is just reproving the servants; Edmund Gwenn, as the Doctor, is perhaps slightly inclined to confuse simple drunkenness with blind staggers; and McKay Morris, as Solyony, plays that peculiar character with a strange, tight menace that may occasionally remind you of Dracula. It is even barely possible that Miss Cornell herself verges too much on catalepsy once or twice in portraying Masha's apathy and despair. All these are fairly minor complaints, however, inserted here only as evidence that even the best actors have their mortal moments.

There is nothing in particular to say about the other principals—Gertrude Musgrove as Irina, Alexander Knox as Tuzenbach, Tom Powers as Kuligin, and Eric Dressler as Andrey—except that they all give solid, intelligent performances, very helpful to the total effect. Motley's settings are useful, too, especially the carefully ironic prettiness of the last sunlit scene in the garden when the girls are finally brought to face the end of all their hopes.



IT seems to be the general opinion that "Flare Path," at the Henry Miller, is a shade better than most war plays that have come out of England, but I'm afraid I can't see why. The upper-class characters still employ the same heroic-adolescent jargon that has baffled so many American audiences in the past; the cockneys are as quaint and winsome as ever; and the plot is again a foolish and makeshift business, designed primarily to maneuver the actors into suitable positions to make speeches about courage, love, duty, and other heavy abstractions. This time we are asked to consider the dilem-

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tically everything there is to know about strategy and tactics. Daily contact with soldiers for thirty-seven years has made him thoroughly familiar with the complex details of military life. He has spent as much time as possible with his troops, observing them at drill, chatting with them, going with them to the range, and now and then even firing a rifle himself. He is an excellent shot, and in 1915 accompanied an Army sharpshooting team to a national rifle competition in Florida. He is forthright and direct. Once, when he was asked for a definition of "fire power," a phrase which military theoreticians have defined with many a pretty circumlocution, he replied, "My idea of fire power is bullets hitting people." Perhaps exceptionally easygoing for a general, he can nevertheless assume a severity that would do credit to a Hollywood colonel, though he rarely raises his voice and his language is irreproachable. Subordinates who have been called before him maintain that they can detect the sternness of his mood by a disheartening change in the tone of his voice and a withering expression in his eyes. One officer, who has served with the General for many months and has frequently seen him in disciplinary action, says that the notable thing about his moments of anger is his physical calmness.

General Harding could have retired honorably from the Army in 1935, after thirty years of service. However, like many an old Army man who has found military life congenial and would hardly know how to act if suddenly thrust into an alien world where he would no longer operate under the Articles of War, he had no intention of quitting, and in all likelihood he will remain in the service until 1950, when he will be sixty-four and have to step aside. "If the war ends next year," he said recently in the presence of a selectee who was brooding because he had already spent seven months under arms, "I'll have only eight more years of service." What he will do after the war will depend largely on what he does during it. If he leads his troops successfully, he will probably be at least a permanent brigadier general, and thus entitled, for instance, to be appointed Superintendent of West Point, a job he would not decline. He might be a permanent major general, entitled to the command of an Army Corps or a foreign base, such as the Hawaiian Department. He rarely speculates about such attractive possibilities, being specifically concerned right now with realizing his two most pressing objectives: to lead his men victoriously and to bring back as many of them as he can. Though he will stay in the Army after the war, he is as eager as a private's mother to have the war end quickly. "The average Army officer of any service will be damn glad when it's over," he has said. Like most professional soldiers, he is not often troubled by the thought of death in battle. He knows better, however, than to be lighthearted about the dangers involved in war or to accept the common but false notion that generals are invulnerable. The dive-bomber has no respect for generals. In the last war, to be sure, not a single American general was killed, but the last war was a static one, fought mainly from trenches. "That war was different," General Harding recently said at his headquarters overseas. "That war was very easy on generals."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

(This is the second of two articles on General Harding.)

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AMEN

A Listing of Certain Scientific Discoveries Which Would Seem to Stand a Good Chance of Being the Last Words on Their Respective Subjects

Locale	The Discoverers	The Discoveries
Harvard University	Drs. Robert R. Galambos and Donald R. Griffin	Bats can fly blindfolded without bumping into things.
Mellon Institute for Industrial Research	A hireling	The average man has 24,000 hairs on his face and neck.
Cornell University	Keith Kennedy	A healthy cow eats sixty bites of grass a minute.
University of California	Zoologist	Bears suffer toothache.
Carnegie Institute of Washington	Dr. Morris Steggerda	The hair of a Hopi Indian is greater in diameter than that of a Maya, Navajo, or Zuñi.

—W. E. Farbstein

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ALFRED LUNT · LYNN FONTANNE
The PIRATE
S. N. BEHRMAN'S Extravaganza
Staged by MR. LUNT and JOHN C. WILSON
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"The foremost play of the Season"
—ATKINSON, Times
The Playwrights' Company presents
THE EVE OF ST. MARK
by MAXWELL ANDERSON
CORT THEATRE
48th ST. E. of Broadway
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

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KATHARINE CORNELL presents
The Three Sisters
with Judith ANDERSON
Edmund GWENN · Ruth GORDON
Dennis KING · Gertrude MUSGROVE
Alexander KNOX · Katharine CORNELL
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
BARRYMORE Theatre, 47th St. W. of B'way
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Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
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NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
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America's Only Ice Theatre
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STAR AND GARTER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
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MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way
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CLIFFORD HAYMAN'S dramatic sensation
"NOTABLE EVENT OF SEASON."—TIME MAGAZINE
LE GALLIENNE · SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE HARRY
HUDSON 44th St. E. of B'way. Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. (No Perf. Mon.)

LIFE MAGAZINE says "Janie is gay, heartwarming & produced with veteran skill."
BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Janie
Season's Laugh Hit!
by Josephine Bentham & Herschel Williams
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
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Tallulah BANKHEAD ★ Fredric MARCH ★ Florence ELDRIDGE
in
The Skin of Our Teeth
A new comedy by THORNTON WILDER
with Company of 40 and Florence REED
Plymouth Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 34

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
Philip Barry's New Comedy
Without Love
with
KATHARINE HEPBURN
ELLIOTT NUGENT
ST. JAMES THEATRE, 44th St. W. of B'way
Matinees January 1st & Saturday 2:40

KONSTANTIN SIMONOV'S
THE Russian People
American acting version by
Clifford Odets
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way
Matinees Thurs. and Sat.

WIMAN and RODGERS
In association with Richard Kollmar
Present
RAY BOLGER
in
"BY JUPITER"
A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
Based on "The Warrior's Husband"
By Julian F. Thompson
with
CONSTANCE MOORE · BENAY VENUTA · RONALD GRAHAM
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44th St. · CI. 6-5990
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Jan. 1st 2:30

"A superb achievement . . . should be on your must list." Rascoe, World-Telegram
• DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
Flora Robson in
A New Comedy
"THE DAMASK CHEEK"
By JOHN van DRUTEN and LLOYD MORRIS
PLAYHOUSE, 48 St. E. of B'way BR. 9-2628
Evenings 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat at 2:35

Fred F. Finklehoffe presents
GEORGE JESSEL · JACK HALEY · ELLA LOGAN · THE De MARCOS
SHOWTIME
Uproarious-Variety Show
BROADHURST, West 44th, Eves. Incl. Sun.
$1.10-$2.75. (Sat. $1.10-$3.30.) Mats. Wed.
Fri. & Sat. 2:40. Sun. at 2:30 & 5:30. 55c-$1.65
Holiday Matinee New Year's Day

"Buoyant, Giddy & Funny"
—Atkinson, Times
JUNIOR MISS
46TH ST. THEA., W. OF B'WAY
EVGS. INCL. SUN. 8:40. MATS.
SAT. & SUN. All perfs. 50c to $2.

OLSEN & JOHNSON
2nd Year In
SONS O' FUN
"Craziest succession of laughs ever . . ."
—LIFE
WINTER GARDEN, B'y & 50th. No perf. Mon.
2 Shows Sat. & Sun. 2:30 & 8:30

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by
JOSEPH KESSELRING
with ERICH von STROHEIM
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

two hikes of twenty-seven and thirty-four miles, respectively, and astounded nearly every soldier in Hawaii by trudging the full distance on each occasion—a prodigious feat for a man in his fifties who, by the nature of his duties, had to spend much of his time at a desk. He has never yet failed to complete a march, though once in China, at the end of a twenty-four-miler over some taxing terrain, he was so exhausted that after returning home for a hot bath he felt compelled to hire a rickshaw to ferry him to dinner across the street.

Soon after taking over the Wolfhounds, Colonel Harding was disturbed to learn that the regiment hadn't had a live wolfhound around for ten years, its only mascot having died at an early age. Acting decisively, he ordered a Russian wolfhound from the States. The dog always loped at the head of the regiment when it passed in review, except once. That was when Harding received specific instructions from a general that the mascot was not to participate. "But he isn't a mascot, he's a symbol," the regimental commander protested. "Maybe you ought to fly him like a flag," the general replied with finality. Harding added to his outfit's dash by designing a more or less Russian costume for the regimental band. It consisted of tall Cossack hats, broad orange-and-black chest straps decorated with .50-calibre cartridges, and black leather leggings that looked like Russian boots. He also composed the lyric of a snappy regimental march, which the band played at every ceremony, sometimes accompanied by the wolfhound's barking. "It was a colorful regiment," he said recently, "and I tried to give it more color. We were practically lurid."

Colonel Harding's command of the Wolfhounds came to an unexpected end in the fall of 1940, when he was raised to the temporary rank of brigadier general and assigned as assistant commander of the 9th Infantry Division, stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The Army was beginning to grow, and he was among the first of the present emergency's temporary generals. "I had had two years in command of a regiment," he says. "When expansion came, I was just right for it." Since leaving the Wolfhounds, General Harding has received numerous communications from its men and still regards it with extreme fondness. "I always think of myself as an old Wolfhound," he once said abstractedly, to the astonishment of a friend with whom he was carrying on a solemn discussion about the care and feeding of dogs. Though saddened at the prospect of parting with his regiment, he was understandably elated, and amazed, at his promotion. Despite assurances from highly reliable sources that it had gone through, he refused to notify his family that he had been made a general until he received official confirmation from the War Department.

The 9th Division had been in existence for only a couple of months when General Harding arrived at Fort Bragg. He was not upset at finding that Lieutenant General Devers, one of his West Point schoolmates, was its commander, since Devers had stood higher in their class thirty-one years before and had always outranked him. General Harding was instrumental in organizing the training of the infantry elements of that division, but he felt a bit frustrated because he did not actually command anybody. Last winter, when he received his own command and, two weeks later, was promoted to major general, he was at last content. "I'm thirsting for no further advancement," he told one of his close friends. His satisfaction at having attained this particular rank might be compared to that of a pole vaulter who is content to clear fourteen feet, a commendable and exclusive height, though admittedly several inches shy of the world's record.

A Major General is omnipotent, is expected to be omniscient, and is legally omnipresent. Every time an order is issued by his headquarters, it goes out over his name, though he may be several miles away at the time and unaware of the sins that subordinates are committing in his name. In his hands is the welfare of thousands of men engaged in a frighteningly large business of a necessarily uncertain nature. Though he may delegate a good deal of authority, he is ultimately responsible for everything that is done, and it is his formidable obligation to make all the most delicate decisions affecting anything that is to be done. In his years of training, and in occasional communion with Hannibal and Napoleon, his favorite generals, General Harding has learned prac-

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"My beer is RHEINGOLD — the DRY beer!"

says Miss RHEINGOLD 1943

1. "It's really wonderful how hours of tiring work before the camera can be forgotten in a few minutes over a glass of Rheingold—the DRY beer," says Sonia Gover, Miss Rheingold 1943.

2. "There's a sparkling wintry tang in Rheingold that's just perfect for a blazing fireplace," continues lovely Sonia. "No wonder Rheingold is New York City's fastest-growing beer!"

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST. 1837 - IN NEW YORK 1855

New York's fastest growing brewery!

DRY—tells you WHY!

• During 1942 Rheingold got more than DOUBLE the increase of any other New York City beer. The reason? Because beer lovers prefer the real beer flavor—beer that is neither sweet, nor bitter—but DRY. The DRYNESS in Rheingold makes it *tangier, cleaner,* more *satisfying.* Rheingold is beer as beer *should* taste. On tap and in quart bottles and 12-ounce steinies all over town.

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Buy War Bonds! Keep on Buying! Keep 'em Flying!

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was school-trained," General Harding recalled recently. "We'd had a war, but a lot of people had evidently forgotten it." The book, a best-seller in its special class, has now gone through two editions of five thousand copies each, of which seven or eight hundred have been bought by officers who, while serving under General Harding, have thought it judicious to obtain a copy. General Harding, when autographing copies, as he is frequently called upon to do, likes to refer to his function in its creation as that of a catalyst. The book has also been published in Spain and Germany. Even before this war the Nazis remitted only one of several royalty payments due, much to the catalyst's righteous wrath.

In addition to getting out publications of a rather solemn nature, Major Harding operated extracurricularly as the conductor of a frivolous column in the post newspaper, which earned him the title of the Walter Winchell of Fort Benning. In the summer of 1933 he left Benning to spend two months as the commander of a company at a CCC camp on the Florida-Alabama border. He got on well with his campers, all of them veterans of the last war who had not been satisfactorily absorbed into the peacetime economy and who had the reputation of being a tough crowd. One of them, an old-timer named Holman, who had five children, decided to bestow his commander's name on a sixth, a child born that summer. He approached Major Harding one day, after having been given leave to go home and count his expanding brood, and told him the news. "For the time being," he said, "we've got him named Major Edwin Forrest Harding Holman. Will that do?" Major Harding, though touched by the tribute, decided that it would not do, and, after some bargaining, a compromise was reached and the child was called Forrest Harding Holman.

EMERGING unscathed from his tussle with the veterans, Major Harding was sent to study for a year at the Army War College in Washington, the scholastic mecca of officers. When he completed the course, in 1934, and was promoted to lieutenant colonel, he was overjoyed because he knew that for the rest of his military life, when filling out the annual preference card on which officers indicate where they would like to serve or study, he could reply to the question "What schools do you desire to attend?" with the satisfying answer "None." Before ascending to his lieutenant-colonelcy, he had hoped to be sent on duty with troops, but upon being promoted he felt less eager, since with that rank he was apt to be made the executive officer of a regiment, a job in which many soldiers have languished, later missing the chance, upon achieving colonelcies, of remaining on troop duty and commanding regiments of their own. Accordingly, he gladly accepted the editorship of the *Infantry Journal*, a position in which a lieutenant colonel not only was in no danger of being forgotten but was apt to get a good deal of attention. In the opinion of Army critics, Harding filled this post, which he held for four years, with zeal and distinction, making the *Journal*, for the first time in its existence, a consistently readable publication. His strategy in taking over the magazine at the time that he did was rewarded when in 1938 he was sent to Hawaii to command the 27th Infantry, with the silver eagles of a full colonel on his shoulders.

"My light is not showing, and get off my tulip bed!"

A regiment stationed in Hawaii during peacetime had a fairly pleasant life, with a little training in the mornings and with the afternoons devoted largely to athletics and siestas. Colonel Harding's outfit was nicknamed the Wolfhounds, because parts of it had once served in Siberia. It carried on a sports rivalry, as intense as any that ever existed between Yale and Harvard, with the other regiment in the brigade—the 35th Infantry, known as the Cacti. Wives of officers in the one regiment, after a close football game, sometimes refused to speak to wives of officers in the other. Colonel Harding became the central and controversial figure in an incident that occurred only two days after he assumed his command, when he committed the awful blunder of exchanging a few pleasantries with the football coach of the Cacti, who happened to be an old friend. Next day the new commander was severely informed by one of his assistants that it was not customary to talk to members of the opposition, particularly coaches, and that he had established a regrettable precedent. Colonel Harding continued to try to establish better relations, but the competitive spirit was never quite crushed.

It was while Colonel Harding was with the Wolfhounds that he ordered

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Superintendent's office and, in the three and a half minutes allotted for the interview, got an impression of MacArthur which he has since seen no reason to change. "I left that brief interview," Harding says today, "with the feeling that there sat a man officers and men would do anything for."

Teaching at the Academy, Harding whirled giddily from English to history to government to economics. In July, 1920, he became a major again. When his tour of duty came to an end in 1923, he asked to be detailed to the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. All officers, at some point in their careers, figure on taking in that school, and all hope to enroll afterward in the exclusive Army War College, which is restricted to accomplished students. Harding, wishing to get his course at Leavenworth under his belt, submitted his request hopefully, and in no time at all received instructions assigning him as a battalion commander in the 15th Infantry, stationed at Tientsin, China. The 15th Infantry, known as the "Can Do" regiment because its motto once had been "*Possumus*," had the mission of keeping a railroad line open from Peiping to the coast, lest, in case of trouble, the legation staffs in the interior be trapped, as they had been during the Boxer Rebellion. Harding remained in the Orient for three and a half years without once having to dodge a bullet, though many other Americans and countless Chinese in the vicinity had that opportunity in the course of local skirmishes.

"It's a toy bombsight he got for Christmas, and he won't let anybody see it."

• •

American Army officers do not usually spend more than a few consecutive years in foreign service, and accordingly, in 1927, Major Harding sailed back, after turning over his battalion to Joseph W. Stilwell, then a major, who, an exception to the rule, has spent many years in the East and, as a lieutenant general, was recently Chiang Kai-shek's Chief of Staff. After a leave of a few months, Major Harding was finally ordered to the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, and then to the General Staff School at Leavenworth. Upon graduating from Leavenworth, he was assigned to the Infantry School as chief of the Military History and Publications Section. Among the publications his section got out was a textbook called "Infantry in Battle," which it took a small army of authors and editors three years to produce and which was devoted to the presentation of examples, discussions, and analyses of minor tactical problems that had arisen in the last war. George C. Marshall, then a lieutenant colonel, who had returned from China the same year as Harding and had become assistant commandant of the Infantry School at Benning, approved Harding's suggestion that the book should be based on actual combat experiences, which Harding felt would be a refreshing departure from some of the theoretical warfare then being waged by military scholars. "The whole Army

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and today they are rather proud of him.

Lieutenant Harding remained with the 14th Infantry until 1916, and during those years he served in Montana, then moved west to Washington, and finally headed south for the Mexican border. A battalion of the 14th Infantry was sent to Arizona in the spring of 1916 and spent four months there on the strength of a rumor that Pancho Villa was about to launch a raid. The raid never came off, but Lieutenant Harding's disappointment at not even catching a glimpse of the celebrated villain was softened by his promotion, that July, to first lieutenant. He had scarcely finished accepting congratulations on his first climb up the chain of command when he was called back to West Point to be an instructor.

The Military Academy in the months preceding our entrance into the last war was as keyed up as a finishing school on the eve of a dance. Lieutenant Harding, thrown into an atmosphere crackling with anticipation, found himself teaching modern European history. The Academy needed instructors to train junior officers and was determined not to let the ones it had get away. All through 1917, whenever a faculty member applied for weekend leave to go to New York or Philadelphia, he was required, before receiving authorization, to sign a statement saying he would not use the time to make a detour to Washington and try to get himself transferred to more active service.

Harding left West Point twice during the war but neither time got very far. In March of 1917 he was lent to Fort Benjamin Harrison, in Indiana, to serve as an instructor at the first officers' training camp of the war, and he remained there for two months, after which he was awarded a captaincy. As a captain, Harding went back to West Point for a while and then, temporarily advanced to major, was sent to Camp Devens, in Massachusetts, and given command of a battalion in a depot brigade, an institution similar to the present-day replacement-training centre. There he received another temporary promotion, to the respectable rank of lieutenant colonel.

HARDING finally got to France, but only on a postwar official tour of inspection. He made a thorough survey of the principal battlefields and is inclined to suspect that he learned a good deal more about the engagements fought there than many officers who had participated in them, since they must have been far too busy to look around and take notes. Shortly after his return from Europe, Lieutenant Colonel Harding was reverted to a captaincy. "They took a fiendish delight in busting people then," he has since said. "Mine was an easy jolt and didn't bother me much. Our attitude was that during the war we were riding a gravy train." Ruthlessly detrained brigadier generals found themselves captains, colonels became lieutenants, and lieutenants shrank miserably to sergeants or corporals. It was to take Harding fourteen years to a day to work up to a lieutenant-colonelcy again. One of the few officers who retained his wartime rank was General MacArthur, who had gone into the war as a major and came home a brigadier general. In addition he was given the highly desirable job of Superintendent of West Point. Soon afterward, Captain Harding was ordered back to the Academy. When he reported, he was ushered into the

CIVILIAN ODE TO 1943

Now, with the New Year poised to swoop on
  Our startled gaze, come clench a fist
About the Universal Coupon
  Whereby henceforward we exist.

The orders change, the seasons freshen,
  The old year creaks at all its joints.
Ring in, wild bells, the long procession
  Of unit books and ration points.

Now the besieged, the lean consumer,
  Who wears no cuff upon his suit,
May watch, with what he can of humor,
  Democracy made absolute.

He shall munch rye who loved the wheat bread,
  However solvent be his state.
The lowly stew, the haughty sweetbread,
  Shall sit impartial on each plate.

Already coffeeless and colder
  And creamless and pedestrian,
We'll eat according to the folder
  And dress according to the plan.

Now millionaire as well as plumber
  Shall in the nighttime lie awake,
Haunted, as by the dreams of summer,
  By memory of a sirloin steak.

Now from the shops will rise the clamor
  Of maids disputing in despair
Which clothing points to yield for glamour
  And which for wholesome underwear.

Gourmet, gourmand, lie down together!
  Ladies, let fashion cease to trouble you,
While, garbed alike against the weather,
  Go I and Mrs. Harrison W——,

While, sober or discreetly liquored,
  We hear the bells across the snow.
Soon in the sight of God and Wickard
  We'll all be equal here below.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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have been five or ten notches higher than his final one of seventy-fourth. This rating was important, since for most of his career it has determined his promotions with respect to those of the seventy-three cadets who stood above him and the twenty-nine who straggled behind. His roommate, now Brigadier General Stuart C. Godfrey, currently stationed in Washington, ranked first in the class and, in accordance with Academy tradition, elected to go into the Engineers. West Point graduates choose, in order of class standing and within certain fixed quotas, their own branch of service, and the bright boys usually become Engineers, a field to which their lofty intellects are supposed to be particularly well suited. Next to the Engineers, the Field Artillery, Coast Artillery, Cavalry, and the Infantry were regarded by Harding's classmates as most desirable, in that order. Although, after his seventy-three superiors had made their selections, Harding could still have picked the Coast Artillery or Cavalry, he decided upon Infantry, which at the time was just beginning to lose the stigma of being a branch reserved for inferior men, qualified, at best, to carry a rifle at the proper angle. He has been in the Infantry ever since, and has not regretted it, except three-quarters of the way through long hikes, when, like all infantrymen, he wishes he were dead.

General Harding and his classmates left West Point knowing pretty well what, barring miracles or wars, their futures would be like. They were destined to spend about ten years as second lieutenants, about ten more as first lieutenants, and then to become captains—a rank often, in times like these, achieved overnight by men who have never even drunk out of a canteen. After about ten years as captains, graduates of the class of 1909 would become majors and, at the age of fifty-eight or sixty, lieutenant colonels, and retire at sixty-four as full colonels. The more rapid progress which many of them have actually made has fulfilled the prayerful line in an old martial chant which runs, "May the Army be augmented and promotion be less slow." In the long days between wars, when neither of these petitions was granted, promotions were regarded as exceedingly important events and were invariably celebrated by joyful, back-slapping parties. The most important promotions were considered to be from first lieutenant to captain and from lieutenant colonel to colonel. To only a few extraordinarily self-confident classmates of Harding's did it ever occur that they might someday be generals.

General Harding's Army career started off auspiciously enough with him racing through his second lieutenancy in the relatively short time of seven years. He first saw service with the 14th Infantry in the Philippines, where he had gone directly after graduation. His stay abroad was brief and, apart from a two-week sortie into a wild portion of the interior in search of a volcano, was not sensational. He returned to San Francisco in March, 1910, commanding a company to which he had been assigned despite his inexperience in administration, and was met at the dock by his grandmother and his aunt, who took him to dinner that night and went to the railroad station with him the next morning, when he and his troops were to depart for a camp in Montana. Harding, a considerate commander even as a second lieutenant, had told his men to take the night off, and, since they had been cooped up on a transport for several weeks and were thus out of training, about half of them were still reasonably tight when they got to the station, though able, to their leader's delight, to walk in formation. He marched them ceremoniously past his relatives, who looked on coldly. A few days later he received an angry letter from his aunt. "It almost killed us," she wrote. "There you were, a clean-cut young man of twenty-three, marching at the head of those men. And they were all *drunk*." In time his family became accustomed to his savage profession,

"Watch yaself, Jack!"

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Major General Harding

PROFILES

TWO-STAR GENERAL—II

JUDGED by circumstantial evidence, Major General Edwin Forrest Harding, now on duty overseas in command of American troops, would seem to be a member of an old military family. His brother is a lieutenant colonel on the staff of the Judge Advocate General of the Alaska Defense Command, one of his sons is a first lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, and one of his daughters, after rejecting at least one promising-looking civilian, married a captain in the Armored Forces. Actually, the General's family tree is merely another plant converted to the business of war. Except for his maternal grandmother, a rather unaggressive member of the D.A.R., an ancestor of unknown relationship who fought under Montgomery at Quebec, and, of course, his grandmother's Revolutionary forebears, General Harding's progenitors were as far removed from the Army as he has been close to it in his thirty-seven uninterrupted years of service.

The General, who is one-fourth Scottish and sometimes offers odds as high as five to one on a sure thing, was born in Franklin, Ohio, in 1886. He had an uneventful boyhood, and was subjected to military influence only on rare occasions; for example, in 1898, when a detachment of troops, passing through Franklin on their way to the Spanish-American War, deeply impressed him. His father, who died in 1904, ran a paper mill that had been founded by the General's grandfather and was the first one west of the Alleghenies. Thanks to this pioneer enterprise, the Hardings were a fairly prosperous family, and their future general had a respectable and pacific upbringing, rarely getting into even a minor street-corner battle. He attended a few Ohio schools and, during this formative period, read a number of weighty books about Hannibal, which caused him to reach the conclusion that Hannibal was the greatest military figure in history, a judgment he has never altered. He has a fondness today for drawing analogies to Hannibal's exploits, and has delivered long lectures on the Punic Wars to young officers who previously knew nothing of Hannibal except that he had once made a highly unconventional use of elephants. Young Harding left Franklin in 1903 to go to Exeter, accompanied by two first cousins, Tad and Howard Jones, a pair of home-town boys who were later to become famous in the sporting world. As far as the folk in Franklin were concerned, Harding never quite managed to keep up with the Joneses, but lately, especially now that he is the only native son who wears two silver stars on each shoulder, he has been regarded with steadily increasing awe, and whenever he is home on leave he is asked to contribute a few suitable words at the weekly Rotary Club luncheon.

While Harding was at Exeter, an Ohio congressman whom Harding's father had helped in a political campaign offered him an appointment to Annapolis, but he rejected it in favor of the uncertain prospect of a bid to West Point. Shortly after the senior Harding's death, the congressman, a persistent benefactor, obligingly offered him an appointment to the Military Academy. Young Harding instantly agreed to this proposal, and he has never regretted his decision not to be a sailor. He became fully convinced of the wisdom of his course in the spring of 1940, when he accepted the invitation of some nautical acquaintances in Hawaii, where he was commanding a regiment, to join them on a training maneuver aboard a cruiser. He spent two weeks afloat. "I looked all over that ship to find a place I'd want to be in during battle," he later reported to a friend, "and I couldn't find any." By 1905 he had resolved to make the Army his career, and he entered West Point. "I thought I'd like the Army and had an idea that if anything happened I'd want to get in it," he explains. "So I stayed in and proceeded to miss all the wars there were." After staying in for almost forty years, he has finally found a war he can't miss.

THERE were a hundred and fifty-five plebes in the class of 1909. A hundred and three were graduated, of whom forty-three are still on active duty, three as lieutenant generals (Delos C. Emmons, now commanding the Hawaiian Department, whom his classmates recall as only a middling math student; Jacob L. Devers, commanding the Armored Forces; and Robert L. Eichelberger), seven as major generals, ten as brigadier generals, and the remaining twenty-three as colonels. The major generals, all of whom, like General Harding, hold that rank temporarily and may lose it at the end of the war, are George S. Patton, Jr., commanding an armored division, Horace H. Fuller, William H. Simpson, J. Garesché Ord, John C. H. Lee, in charge of supplies for American troops in England, and Homer R. Oldfield, who last reported to the class secretary from the West Indies. This is the largest number of generals any West Point class can boast. General Harding attributes 1909's numerical superiority partly to luck. "We hit it right," he says. "When this emergency started, we were available but not too old. In becoming a general, a good deal depends on being able to outlast the field."

While attending West Point, Harding cheered obediently at football games, polished his equipment after duly spitting on it, and was once taken on a tour of the entire Metropolitan Museum of Art, conducted with clocklike precision along military lines. At the end of this particular regimented clash with culture, the cadets were required to submit a thesis covering everything they had seen—a composition evidently intended to reveal their durability as much as their appreciation of art. Harding distinguished himself in English courses and in such extracurricular literary activities as helping to get out a yearbook and writing a class play. He has always resented the fact that while he was a student at West Point no history courses were offered—he himself later taught history at West Point—since he holds that if the subject had been taught his scholastic standing in his class might

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"I'm sure you'd find Washington very interesting. For instance, on Thursdays you could go and sit in the Senate gallery!"

•

"And what's more," he said, "I bring you very strange things. That's part of it. That's part of the phenomena. I bring you puzzles that won't work, linked nails that won't come apart, pigs in clover in which the little balls are glued to the bottom of the box. I bring you mystery novels in Yiddish, and artificial flowers made of wire and beads, and horehound candy."

"Terrible, terrible rat," said Mrs. Minturn, "terrible rat Fletcher."

"Police find something to do about that," said Minturn. "Such a thing as law and order. Such a thing as malpractice."

"And licorice whips," continued Fletcher, "and the complete files of *Physical Culture* for 1931, and matchboxes that go broo-oo-oo, broo-oo-oo."

"Broo," said Minturn. "I want to go to Twenty-One."

"Terrible, terrible, terrible rat," said Mrs. Minturn.

"I see," said Fletcher. "You don't even feel sorry for poor old tap-tap. Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap."

"What's that?" said Minturn.

"That's my cane in the corridor," said Fletcher. "You are lying there, trying to unwrassle something I have brought you, when, tap, tap, tap, here I come again."

"Terrible rat, go home," said Mrs. Minturn.

Fletcher bowed to her gravely. "I'm going," he said. "It constitutes the first occasion on which I have ever been ejected from this or any other house, but that is as it should be, I presume."

"Don't throw anybody out," said Minturn. "Tap, tap, tap," he added.

HALFWAY to the hall door, Fletcher turned. "That's right, laugh," he said. "Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, then."

"Tap, tap, tap," said Minturn from far down near the floor. A new attack of hiccups kept Mrs. Minturn speechless, but she stood up as her guest went out into the hall. Minturn was still saying "Tap, tap," and Mrs. Minturn was hiccuping, as Fletcher found his hat and coat and went out the front door into the melting snow, looking for a taxi. —JAMES THURBER

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From a menu in the Hotel Knickerbocker, Chicago*]

THE GREAT LAKES ROOM

Dedicated to the Great Lakes Region, its Naval Training Stations, Army Camps, fertile farms, prairies, woodlands, orchards, dairies, oil fields, mines, food products, defense industries, churches, universities, museums, highways, railways, shipping, airways, waterways, its millions of people like yourselves in the open spaces and crowded cities—living, loving, laughing, fighting, hoping, singing, eating.

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pouring a small quantity of brandy into it with studious precision.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Minturn, darkly, "and just maybe not."

"Why can't we go home now? Why can't we go home now, Nancy?" said Minturn from deep down in his chair.

"We *are* home, dear," said Mrs. Minturn. She turned to Fletcher. "Anybody that thinks I can't appreciate a game that two can play at is definitely," said Mrs. Minturn, hiccuping, "crazy." She held her breath and tried counting ten slowly.

"Why don't you try bending over and drinking out of the opposite side of your glass?" asked Fletcher.

Minturn sat up a little in his chair. "Don't have to say things like that," he said, severely.

TO compensate for her hiccups, Mrs. Minturn assumed a posture of strained dignity. Minturn slid farther down into his chair. They both watched Fletcher, who had set the brandy revolving in his glass and was studying it. He took a sip of his drink. "It is a common misconception," he said, "that post-operative mental states disappear on the patient's advent from the hospital. Out of the hospital, they might recur at any time, and some pretty strange phenomena could happen—as in the case of the hospitalization of a friend."

"If you're just trying to get George down, it's not going to be of the least consequence. I can assure you of that," said Mrs. Minturn. "He's stronger than you are in lots of more important ways."

"Phenomena," said Minturn.

"I'm talking of what *I* might do, not of what George might do," said Fletcher, "in case you consider the manifestation what you choose to call weakness."

"Well," said Mrs. Minturn, "I certainly do—that and meanness."

"I want to see Mrs. Trimingham," said Minturn. "I want to go to Bermuda."

"I suppose it would be too much to say that you can't very well disprove what I'm saying till I say it," said Fletcher.

"No, it wouldn't," said Mrs. Minturn. "I don't see why we can't talk about the Grand Coolidge Dam, or something." She laughed. "That's really frightfully funny. It really is." She laughed again.

Minturn had closed his eyes, but he opened them again. "Can't say I do," he said. "Can't say I do."

FLETCHER went over and splashed some more brandy into Minturn's glass. "Let us say that George is lying in the hospital," he said. "Now, because of a recurring phenomena, I call on him every day."

"That's cheap," said Mrs. Minturn, "and that's pompous."

"It's no more pompous than it is predictable," said Fletcher, sharply. "It's a condition. It just so happens that it might take the turn of me calling on George every day, from the time he goes in until he gets out."

"You can't do that," said George. "There's such a thing as the law."

"Of course he can't," said Mrs. Minturn. "Besides, George is not going to the hospital."

"I'm not going to the hospital," said Minturn.

"Everybody goes to the hospital sooner or later," said Fletcher. His voice was rising.

"Nine hundred million people don't," said Mrs. Minturn, "all the time."

"I'm stating a pathological case!" shouted Fletcher. "Hypothetical. George has been lying there in that bed for six weeks!"

"No," said Minturn.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Mrs. Minturn.

"Why?" asked Fletcher. "I'm not saying there is anything the matter with him. He's convalescing, but he can't get up."

"Why can't I get up?" asked Minturn.

"Because you're too weak. You have no more strength than a house mouse. You feel as if you were coming apart like a cheap croquet mallet. If you tried to stand, your knees would bend the wrong way, like a flamingo's."

"I want to go home," mumbled Minturn.

"You *are* home," said his wife.

"He means from the hospital," Fletcher told her, "in the corridors of which, by the way, you hear my cane tapping practically all the time."

"What are *you* doing there?" said Minturn thickly.

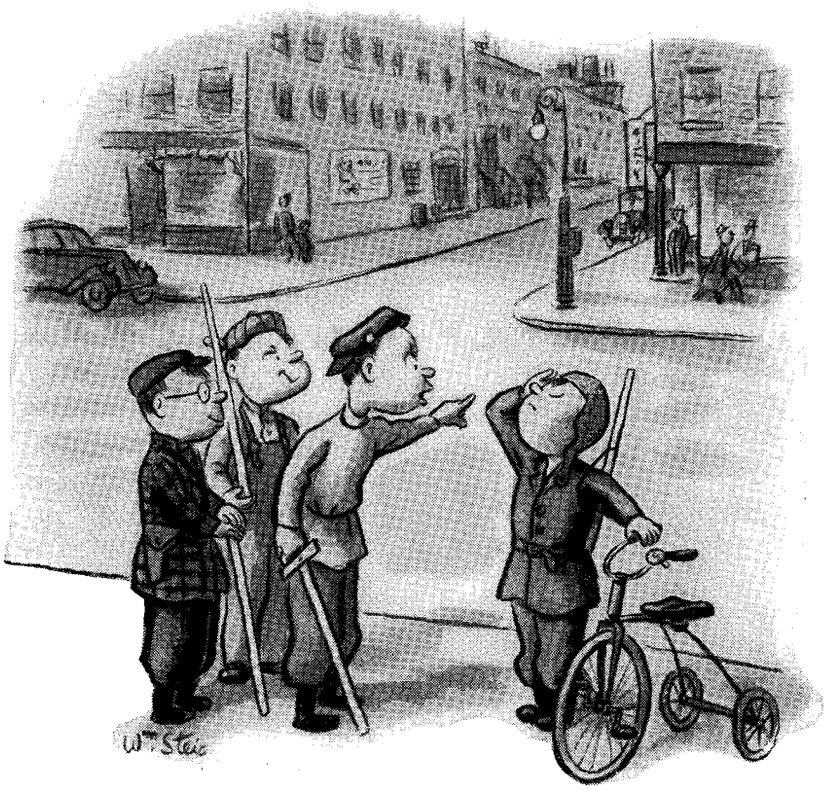
"I come to see you every day," said Fletcher. "I have been to see you every day since you got there." He had been moving around the room, and now he went back and sat down.

"Can't stand you calling on me every day," said Minturn. He finished his drink and poured a new one with some effort.

"Don't worry about it, George," said Mrs. Minturn. "We'll take you to the Mayo brothers or someplace, and he'll never find out about it."

"I don't want to go to the Mayo brothers," said Minturn.

Fletcher sat forward in his chair.



SMALL FRY

Courier

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THE CANE IN THE CORRIDOR

"FUNNY thing about post-operative mental states," said Joe Fletcher, rocking the big brandy glass between the palms of his hands and studying the brown tides reflectively. "They take all kinds of curious turns."

George Minturn moved restlessly in his chair, making a new pattern of his long legs. "Let's go to Barney's," he said. "Let's go to Barney's now."

Mrs. Minturn walked over and emptied an ashtray into the fireplace as eloquently as if she were winding the clock. "It's much too late," she said. "I'm sure everybody we'd want to see has left there and gone home to bed."

Minturn finished his brandy and poured out some more.

"You remember Reginald Gardiner's imitation of wallpaper," continued Fletcher, "in which he presented a visual design as making a pattern of sound? Many post-operative cases make those interesting transferences. I know one man who kept drawing on a piece of paper what the ringing of a telephone *looks* like."

"I don't want to hear about him," said Minturn.

Fletcher drank the last of his brandy and held up his glass; after a moment his host walked over and poured in a little more.

Mrs. Minturn found herself finishing her own drink and getting another one, although she seldom touched anything after dinner. "Here's to the Washington Bridge," she said. "Here's to some big dam or other. Let's talk about some big dam. After all, you're an engineer, Joe."

Fletcher lighted a cigarette, holding his brandy glass between his knees. "Which brings up an interesting point," he said. "I mean, if occupational experience gives a special shape and color to the patient's perceptions, then the theory that it is not really a hallucination but a deeper insight into reality probably falls down. For instance, if the number eighteen clangs for one patient and whistles for another—say for George here—"

Minturn spilled ashes on the lapel of his dinner coat and rubbed them into it. "I don't want to hear any numbers," he said thickly. "I don't want to hear any more about it."

His wife, who had been trying to get Fletcher's eye but couldn't, since he continued to study his brandy, spoke up sharply. "George is just getting over a frightful cold," she said, "and he's prettily easily shaken. He would worry frightfully about people, but he doesn't dare think about them. They upset him so." Fletcher did look at her now, and smiled. She realized she had not said what she had meant to say. Something oblique but cleverly phrased and nicely pointed had got lost on its way to her tongue. "You think you're so darn smart," she said.

Minturn got up and began to pace. The brandy had run out. He sat down and lighted a cigarette.

"Of course, the people that doctors refer to as squashes," pursued Fletcher, "the invertebrates, you might say, just lie there like vegetables. It is the high-strung cases that manifest the interesting—manifestations. As you just said, Nancy, you think you're so darn smart. I mean, hospitalization moves the mind toward a false simplification. A man gets the idea that he can hold processes in his hand, the way I'm holding this glass. He lies there, you might say, pulling the easy little meanings out of life as simply as if they were daisy petals."

"Daisy petals," said Minturn. "Where's brandy? Why isn't there any more brandy?"

"He gets the idea," Fletcher went on, "that he knows as much about life as Alfred North Whitehead or Carson McCullers."

Minturn said, "Oh, God."

"Carson McCullers makes George nervous," said Mrs. Minturn, "and you know it."

"I ask you to remember I have scarcely seen you people since Carson McCullers began to write," said Fletcher stiffly. "I know 'Sanctuary' upset George so he had to go away to the mountains. I *do* know that."

"He didn't go away to the mountains at all," said Mrs. Minturn. "So you *don't* know that."

"I want to go away to the mountains now," said Minturn. He began pacing around again, picking up things.

"There's more brandy in the kitchen, darling," said Mrs. Minturn. "In the kitchen," she repeated as he started upstairs.

"Oh," said Minturn. He went out to the kitchen.

MRS. MINTURN went over to Fletcher and stood looking down at him. "It's very sweet of you, Joe, to keep harping on hospitals and sick people and mental states," she said. "I know why you're doing it. You're doing it because George didn't come to see you when you were in the hospital. You know very well that George is too sensitive to visit people in the hospital."

Fletcher stood up, too. "Is that why *you* didn't come to see me?" he asked. She was taller than he was. He sat down again.

"Yes, it was, if you want to know so much," she said. "George would have sensed it and he would have worried about you all the time. As it was, he *did* worry about you all the time. But he can't stand things the way you can. You know how sensitive he's always been."

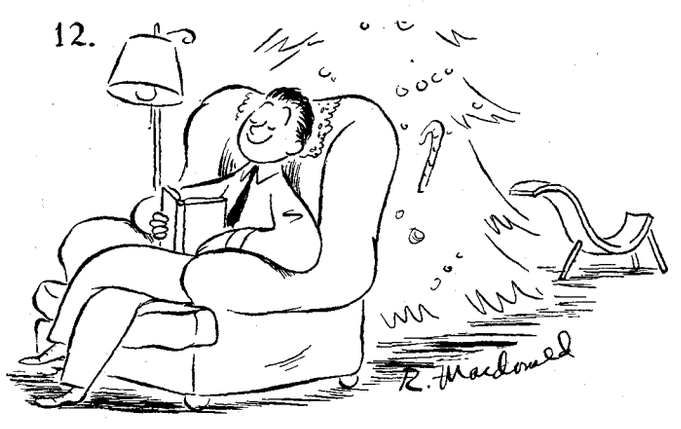
Fletcher tried to drink out of his empty glass. "He wasn't so goddam sensitive when we were both with the Cleveland Telephone Company. He wasn't so goddam sensitive then. No, he was practically a regular guy."

Mrs. Minturn drew herself up a little higher. "It is just quite possible, perhaps," she said, "that you were just not quite perceptious at that time." She went slowly back to her chair and sat down as Minturn came in with a bottle of brandy and a corkscrew.

"Here," he said, handing them to Fletcher. Fletcher put down his glass, inserted the corkscrew accurately into the centre of the cork, twisted it competently, and pulled out the cork. "Wonderful thing, technology," said Minturn, "wonderful thing, wonderful thing. I want a drink." Fletcher poured a great splash of brandy into his host's glass and another into his own.

"He doesn't happen to mean he *believes* in it," said Mrs. Minturn. "The trouble with you is you can't tell when a person is allusive even."

"You're thinking of Technocracy," Fletcher told her, taking her glass and



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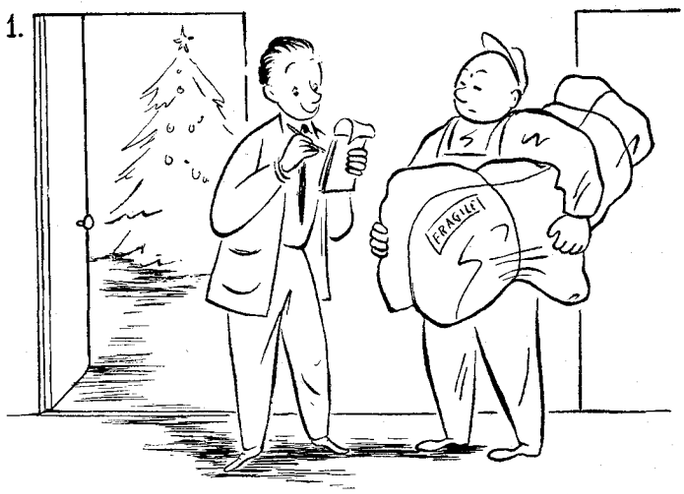

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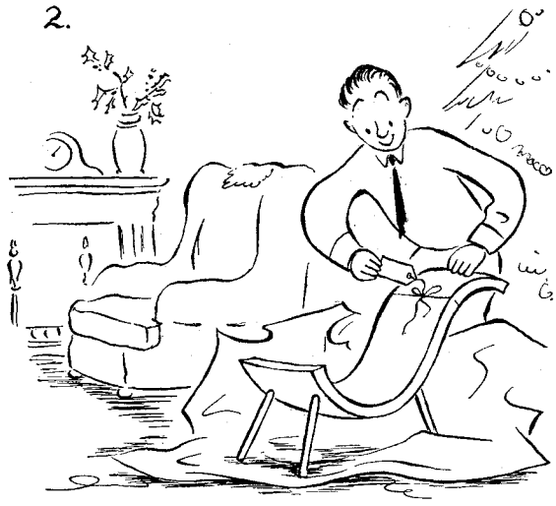

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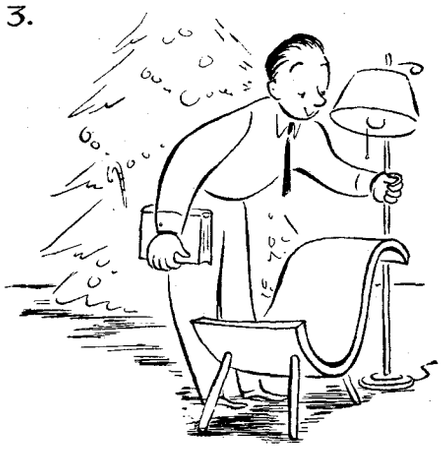

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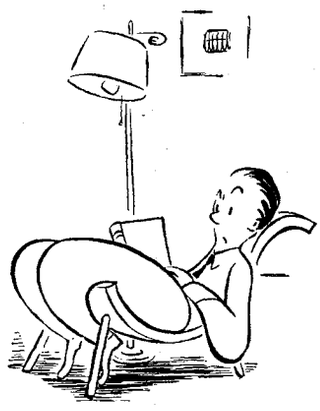

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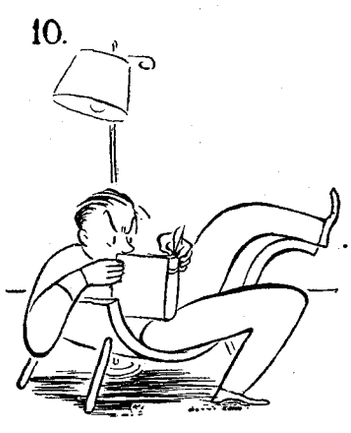

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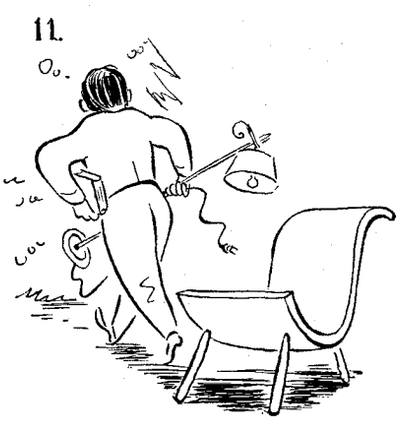

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Her stepmother went to the door with her, helping her find her hat and coat. Through the hall she could see her father still sitting in the light at the desk with the telephone in his hand.

It was much colder than it had been when she arrived, and she walked quickly up to the bus corner and stood hunched up miserably, her muscles tense with the cold. It was dark. It must be almost six o'clock, she thought, and all the way home, as she sat in the bus, sometimes seeing her reflection in the window and sometimes looking past it out at the street, she had a feeling of wanting to hurry home, as though she might be late for something, as though she would never get there.

WHEN she got to the house she ran up the two flights of stairs, and before she could get her key out her mother had the door open.

"My goodness, darling," her mother said, "what's the rush? I could hear you coming up the stairs like a herd of elephants."

"Nothing special, only it's cold out. I think it's going to snow."

"Look out! My stitches!" her mother cried, holding up a sweater on a pair of knitting needles as Ann hugged her around the waist. "It's almost finished. You just have to try it on once more to see if it goes over your head all right."

"Oh, Mums, I can wear it tomorrow. Doesn't it look kind of short, though?" She dumped her hat and coat in a chair, but when her mother said, "Ann!" reproachfully, she picked them up and went to her room and hung them in the closet.

When she turned around she looked at her mother standing in the doorway and wished her hair wouldn't fall so untidily over her forehead.

"You have a run in your stocking, Mother."

"I know it, dear." Her mother's voice sounded surprised. "I'm not going out. . . . Well," she said after a pause, "how was your father?"

"He was all right," Ann said. "He wanted to know how you were and was awfully sorry about your being sick."

"Was she there?"

"No, she was out today. She was busy or something."

"What did he say about the money?"

"Well, at first he was sure he couldn't owe us that much; then, when he added up the figures, he could see they were right and he promised to try and make it up."

Her mother looked at her steadily, then she said, "When?" and Ann knew it was no good, knew that her mother could guess everything he had said.

"I really think he will this time, Mother," she said judiciously, as though she had some special information, but her mother asked fiercely, "Why this time? Why any time? Oh, I'm so sick of fighting! How does he expect me to pay your school bills? And you need a new coat. Did he see how light that coat you had on was on a day like today?"

Suddenly remembering the coat, Ann could feel a rushing sensation going up her nose into her forehead and the muscles of her face pull up. She started to cry. Why, she thought, he never even saw it. I might just as well have worn the old warm one. I might just as well have looked awful. He never even saw it.

"Ann!" her mother said. "Oh, Ann, don't cry. Everything will be all right. We'll manage. We can manage anything—a new coat, anything." She went across the room and tried to put her arms around her. "Baby, don't cry!"

Ann twisted away violently and threw herself face down on the bed, pulling in her breath in little gasping sobs. "Can't you leave me alone?" she shouted. "Can't anybody ever leave me alone?" She lay feeling the soft wetness of her tears where her cheek pressed against the counterpane. —ASTRID MEIGHAN

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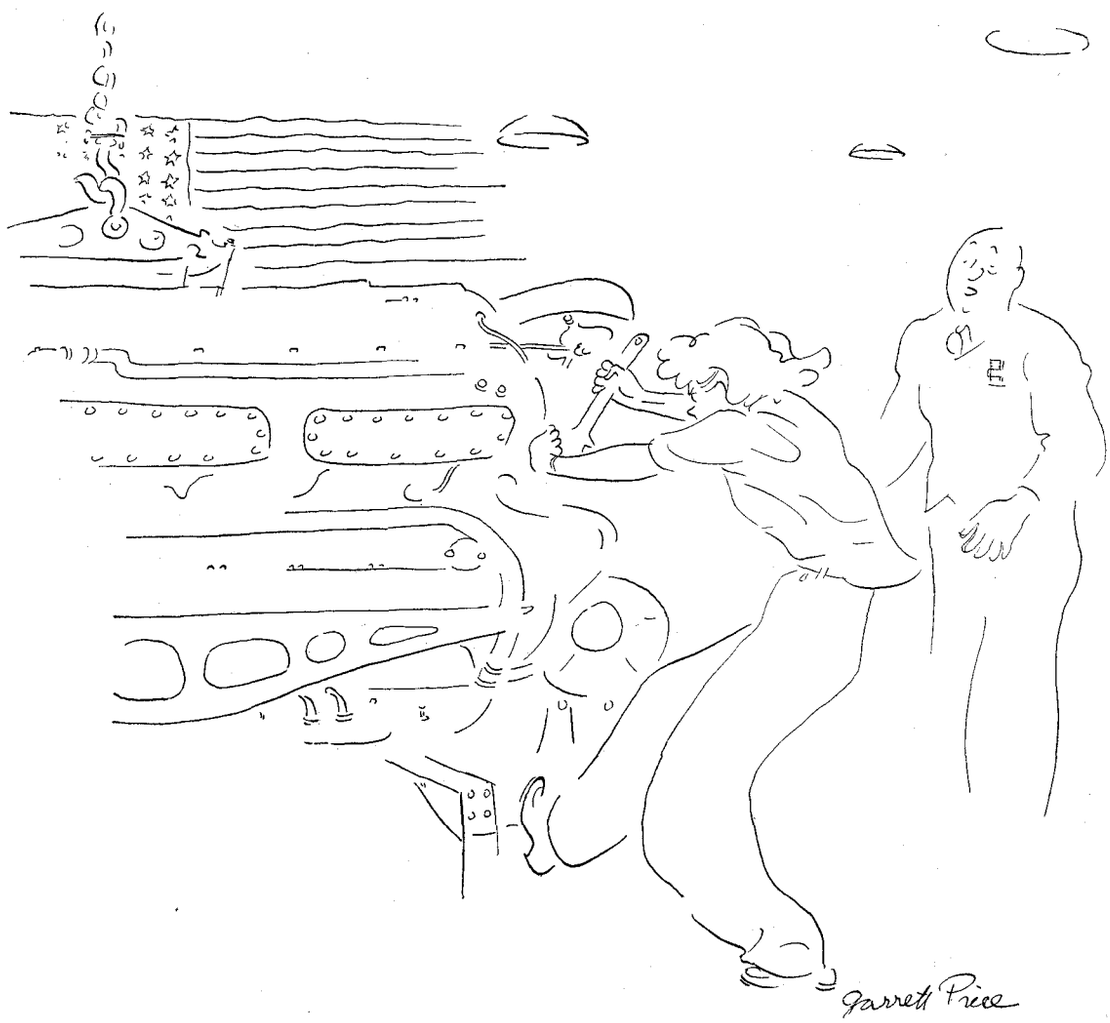
The Rev. Robert E. Savage is sworn into the Navy by Lieut. Comdr. W. Pratt Thomas, under the Navy's new V-7 program. He will fight with the men he will be called upon to advise, he said.—*Photo caption in the Post.*

The church militant.



"Er—I wouldn't depend too much on brute strength, Miss Mallory."

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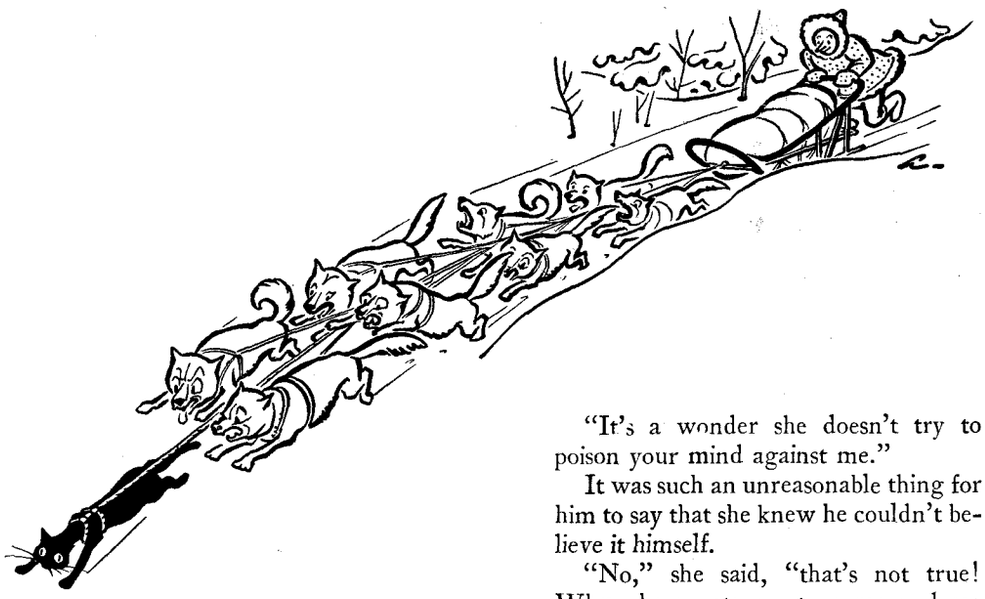

October." Why couldn't he understand that getting fifty dollars extra when the fifty dollars had been owed to you and you'd gone without it before wasn't getting anything extra at all? "See, it's all written down here."

"Let me see that," he said angrily, and almost snatched it from her hand. "Two hundred dollars. Why, that's ridiculous. My God, what does your mother think I am—a machine? After all, I have to make this money. How would she like it if she had to work?"

He was going over the figures. Ann knew they were correct and she knew the less fault he could find with them the more indignant he'd become. For every time he had sent extra money there had been a time when he'd been short, and always the amounts owed were more than the amounts paid back.

Suddenly he crumpled the paper and threw it down on the desk. "My God, what am I supposed to do—pay alimony the rest of my life? I'd like to know just what does your mother think I am—a work horse? What if I should die—how would she like that?"

"Oh, Daddy!" she called out, shocked, and then was silent, feeling the old helplessness of trying to explain to him anything about her mother.

He sat and glared threateningly at the floor.

"Really, Daddy, Mother doesn't like having to take alimony. She's said lots of times that if she could get a job that would pay enough she'd be glad never to take anything more from you. She doesn't even approve of alimony, but—" Her voice stopped as she thought, but if we don't get money from you, where will we get it?

"It's a wonder she doesn't try to poison your mind against me."

It was such an unreasonable thing for him to say that she knew he couldn't believe it himself.

"No," she said, "that's not true! Why, she wants me to come and see you more often, and she always asks about you." She could feel her voice tightening, and just as it started to waver the maid came in with a tray of tea things.

She poured herself a cup of tea and ate a sandwich while the maid went back and forth getting her father a Scotch-and-soda.

When the maid left the room Ann remembered the poem. She took it out of her bag and looked at her father, who was sitting separate from her, sipping his drink, his face angry and lowering.

"By the way, Dad, I won a prize in school." She waited a minute. "In Literature. I thought you might like to read it—the poem, I mean." She held it out to him, and after a second he seemed to see it, and he put his drink down and took it from her.

After he had read it he looked up, and suddenly she felt all right again as she saw his face. "Why, Ann," he said, "did you write this? It's really very good. I didn't know you could write like this."

"Oh, I've written lots of poems, but that really is the best. They're going to publish it in the school paper. If you like, you can keep it. I know it by heart, so I don't need a copy."

"Thanks. Yes, I'd like to have it. It's really very good."

He started to read it again, and she wandered over to the window and looked out as she ate another sandwich.

"The prize was quite nice. I mean usually they're no good and you don't care about getting them or not, but this one is quite nice." She waited for a moment, then she heard the doorbell.

"That must be Marian," her father said, and as he got up to go to the door she said hurriedly, "It was a volume of Keats, in leather."

HER father and her stepmother came into the room together and he had his arm around her. Ann put her hand out and said, "Hello, Marian," but before she could think of how to avoid it her stepmother had kissed her, enveloping her in an embrace that was fresh and cold from the outdoors, and fragrant with perfume and furs.

"Ann, we haven't seen you for so long! Where have you been keeping yourself?" She took off her hat and coat and threw them on the couch beside Ann. "My, it's getting cold out. Are you having a drink, dear?" she said to her husband. "I think I'll have one, too."

As her stepmother talked, Ann sat looking at the flat, rippling curls of the fur coat. The heavy satin lining looked soft, as though her fingers could sink deep down into it.

"It's awfully dark in here," her father's wife said. "Why didn't you put a light on? Ann, dear, will you have some hot tea?"

Ann said she thought it was getting late and she'd better start home. She excused herself for a moment and, going through the bedroom to the bathroom, stopped to look at herself in the large mirror at the dressing table. She loved to see herself in it. It was such an enormous mirror that it wasn't like looking at herself at all; it was like looking at a large room in the middle of which a girl stood. The low dressing table was covered with objects that glittered and sparkled. There were rows of perfume bottles and atomizers and silver-backed toilet articles, and the lamps at either end were made of crystal balls. It looked like a display of Christmas gifts in a shop window and she stood looking down at it for quite a while.

When she came back to the study her father was talking to someone on the telephone. She waited for a few minutes, and then, feeling a sudden urgency to leave, she went over and kissed him on the cheek as he talked, whispering, "Daddy, please don't forget what we talked about."

He put his hand over the mouthpiece of the phone. "Goodbye, dear," he said, and then, "Oh, wait a minute. Isn't this yours?" and he picked up her poem from the desk and handed it to her. For a second she stood there, not knowing what to do with it. Her father was talking into the phone again, and she stuffed the piece of paper into her handbag.

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SHOE THE HORSE AND SHOE THE MARE

LOOKING back, she could see the Avenue stretching down to Thirty-fourth Street, and the long vista of quiet Sunday streets seemed sad and dreamlike. Taxicabs slid leisurely in and out of parking spaces, and pigeons, circling over the roofs of buildings by the East River, were chalk-white against the gray winter sky.

There was no bus in sight and she started to walk, watching the solid, upright figure of the fourteen-year-old girl marching along beside her in the shop windows, as though the girl in the reflections were a stranger. Nice, she thought, as she stopped, coming face to face with her against a background of elaborately draped stockings. The tweed coat really did look nice, much better than the heavy winter coat. She had tried on first one, then the other, before leaving home, but the winter coat had a permanent hump in the back from hanging on a hook in the school cloakroom, and she and her mother had agreed it was better to look well than to be warm. A symphony in brown, she thought comfortably, looking down at the smooth, chocolate-colored suède of her gloves. They were her Christmas present to her mother, and when they had been brought out, beautiful and new, still wrapped in tissue, she had accepted them without a protest, knowing it was for her mother's pride she was to wear them.

Standing still, she felt the air raw and cold at her back, and she started to walk again as briskly as she could. Then suddenly a bus came rushing up and passed her. She raced it, running along the street, her coat flapping open in the wind, and caught it at the next corner.

Sitting in the bus, she went over in her mind all the things she must remember to say to her father. Her mother had written on a piece of paper the amounts paid each month and the amounts due, and at the bottom of the paper the columns were added up and the two hundred dollars he owed them was so clearly visible that even her father would have to admit her mother was right.

"He has the money and legally he has to pay it. Tell him that. Tell him I can't get along on a little bit this month and then a little bit next month and never knowing how much I'll have to do with. Really, Ann, make him see that I'm only asking for what is due."

When the bus reached Fifty-seventh Street she said to herself, "Now I've thought of it. I don't have to think of it again until I get there." She opened her handbag to make sure her poem hadn't been crumpled. It was on a sheet of her mother's best notepaper, folded and in an envelope, like a letter. She took it out and read it again. It looked beautiful, neatly typed on the thick white paper, like something somebody else might have written. She had worked all morning, typing it over and over, but no matter how slowly she'd gone she couldn't get through it without a mistake and in the end her mother had copied it for her.

At Eightieth Street she got out and walked east to the apartment building where her father lived. She hoped his wife wouldn't be there. Before her, Ann always was very careful not to suggest there had ever been any other time than the present, and it was only when she and her father were alone that they talked about the old times and said, "Remember the Christmas when such-and-such happened?" or "Do you ever see So-and-So now?," and he still would ask her how Bantam, the dog they used to have, was, and when she'd tell him again how Bantam was dead his voice would sound embarrassed and suddenly hushed—oh yes, that was right, he'd forgotten. It was going to be awkward to speak to him about the money if his wife was there, and, she thought, if I expect her to be there, maybe she won't be. If I think surely she'll be there, maybe it will work and she'll be out. And as she walked, she said to herself, stepping in time to her words, "Of course she's there, of course she's there, of course she's there," all the way to the apartment house.

AFTER she got out of the elevator she stood for a moment outside the door of the apartment and made sure her hat was on straight and her hair smooth before she rang the bell. The moment she stepped into the hallway she knew he was alone. She could see that the stiff, formal living room at the end of the hall, where he would have been sitting if his wife had been home, was empty, and, as she gave the maid her hat and coat, she saw him sitting at the desk in the study, reading a book.

He got up as she came into the room and leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. He always seemed shy at any gesture of affection, and she tried to help him by making their greeting as perfunctory as possible, as though a kiss were no more than a handshake.

When they sat down he wanted to know how she was and what she'd been doing, and she tried to tell him things he might be interested in. She'd gone to a concert and she described the program. She had seen an English movie that was very exciting and he would love it. His answers seemed absent-minded, and after she had said all the things she could think of, the conversation stopped. He sat drumming softly on the desk with his fingers, his legs crossed and his foot swinging, and she was quiet, watching the light gleaming on the polished leather of his shoe. It was a very beautiful shoe, long and narrow and with a kind of masculine elegance, and it was polished so that it shone softly, like dark satin. She sat and stared at it gravely and then, suddenly, she leaned down and touched it gently with her fingers. Instantly it was still and she looked up into her father's startled face.

"What good-looking shoes those are!" she said.

"I'm afraid it's going to be hard getting any more like them for a while," he said. "I had them made in England."

They both looked down at his feet, and after a moment he said, "How's your mother?"

"She's really quite well, although of course she still feels a little weak from the flu." This was the time to do it, she thought desperately. "Daddy, there was something she wanted me to speak to you about." She was angry at herself for being so embarrassed by the subject of money. After all, it wasn't as though her mother wasn't in the right. "You still haven't made up the money missing in the payments since August, and she really needs it, Daddy, you know, with Christmas and everything." She was getting the paper with the columns of figures on it out of her handbag.

"What's that about Christmas? Why, I sent fifty dollars extra in December. What are you talking about?"

"Yes, I know, but that fifty dollars was only half of what you owed from

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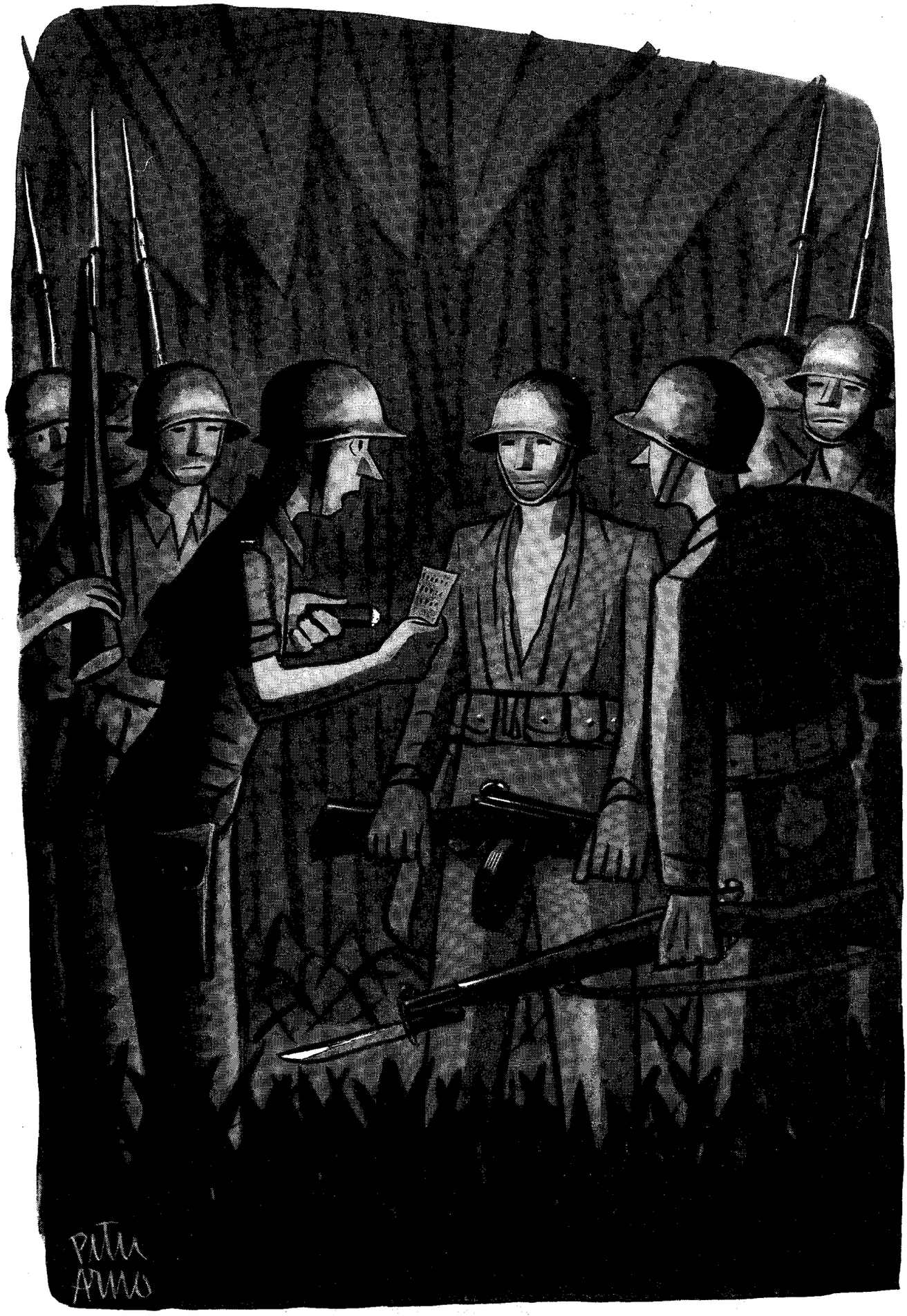

"23 o'clock to 23:05, final inspection of equipment; 23:05 to 23:15, reconnaissance; 23:16, move out; 23:33, begin attack; 23:50, take objective; 23:55, rendezvous; 24 o'clock, Happy New Year."

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"That Kaiser outfit is simply amazing. They filled out that last carload of questionnaires in four days!"

• •

Otto is a fine figure of an archduke, tall, good-looking, and, to anybody who has ever seen a movie, immediately recognizable as a pretender. He told us that, since the excitement had started about forming an Austrian battalion, he had spent much time in Washington. We tried to sound him out as to what he did when he wasn't in Secretary Hull's inner office, and he said, simply and unhelpfully, "I think and work. All day long I see people, and all evening I write letters or speeches. It is a wonder I have any time to eat." The Archduke would need to be very busy indeed not to have time to eat, since he has already whittled his mealtimes down to the minimum. He almost always dines downstairs at Essex House, and, wherever he may be, he always orders the same meals. To the editorial writers who have been asking upon what meat has this our Otto fed that he is grown so great, we would answer, "Breakfast, corn flakes and coffee; lunch, ham sandwich and coffee; dinner, bluepoints or clams, an omelet, string beans, chocolate ice cream, and coffee." Except on Fridays and meatless Tuesdays, he has not varied this diet by so much as a corn flake for more years than he can remember.

Otto likes fall-down movies, Abbott and Costello for choice. He warmly recommended that we rush right out and see their latest, "Who Done It?" "Oh, those boys!" he exclaimed. "Those funny, funny boys! When the little one is scared, you know, he makes a lovely high squeal in his throat—oh, it is the funniest thing I have ever heard!" Otto has twice made the circuit of the forty-eight states, trying to get recruits for the battalion—"Even South Dakota," he told us proudly. During train journeys he prefers light reading like *Esquire*, but at other times his literary tastes are grave. "I have not missed a political book that has come out," he said. "I am a walking political digest, which is likely to surprise those people who think of archdukes as subnormal play boys. I like to watch their little faces when I quote at them Ferrero. I never miss Dorothy Thompson; I would not miss Dorothy Thompson. There are times when she is quite a harsh woman, though." Otto now is following a policy of accumulating no possessions at all. "In my life I have been dispossessed completely three times," he told us. "In Austria, in Spain, and in Brussels. Once I had a fine collection of stamps, just as Mr. Roosevelt has a fine collection of stamps. Who has them now? That Goebbels, I suppose." We got the impression that the stamps were the last straw and that Goebbels would sooner or later have to kick back with that album.

Clarion Call

AT a military camp we've heard of, the board of officers assigned to examining candidates for officers' training has hit on a wonderful question for testing the poise and mental equilibrium of Southerners who appear before it. One of the officers asks each candidate what he would do if his native state seceded from the Union. There have been all sorts of interesting and revealing reactions. The one indicating the best-poised attitude was the answer a Georgia man made. When they sprung it on this soldier, his eyes lit with a holy fire, but he soon got himself in hand. "We got to finish this war first, suh," he said.

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fellow brought in an *Acacia dealbata*, a fuzzy, gray-green plant with tiny yellow flowers, very rare hereabouts. 'Will we be able to save it?' he asked me. I could see that it didn't have a chance, but I didn't dare tell him, he was so attached to it." The losses were heavy. When Mr. Everett arrived at the fire and saw that the greenhouse temperature was gradually approaching the outside temperature of ten degrees above, he made a quick decision to sacrifice all the plants classified as "temporary;" that is, the ones that were grown from seeds or cuttings, and which would have had to be replaced after flowering. By concentrating on "permanents"—ferns, rare greenhouse perennials, and the like—the gardeners managed to save more than two thousand kinds, including specimens of seven hundred different orchids. One of the worst losses was a number of rubber-bearing, or *possibly* rubber-bearing, plants which were being raised for government experiments.

The fire broke out at three o'clock in the morning. The night watchman notified Dr. William J. Robbins, the director, who dressed, drove over to Mr. Everett's house (they both live in Bronxville), and took him down to the Garden. By six o'clock five of the staff had showed up and by eight o'clock over thirty were hard at work muffling the delicate plants in burlap and trundling them in wheelbarrows to the first-aid station. A bit later a Mrs. Taylor, a Boston horticulturist who was doing some research at the Garden, turned up. She dropped her pencil and notebook and pitched in. A notable sacrifice was made by a lady who is assistant librarian at the Garden. She had a pound of coffee in her desk and, with no hesitation, brewed it all on an electric grill and served it, with doughnuts, to the rescue workers. Mr. Everett told us that he intends to reimburse her from his own ration book.

One of the first plants Mr. Everett took to a place of safety was a *Primula kewensis*, a hybrid primrose that resulted from a casual affair between a Chinese primrose and an Ethiopian primrose which happened to be placed side by side in a London greenhouse nine years ago. The blue amaryllis of Brazil is safe, too, or rather the twenty bulbs are that will in time produce the blossoms. It's unique; every other amaryllis in the world flowers in red or white. Forty or fifty specimens of *Begonia socotrana*, the parent stock of the big pink blooms you see in florists' shops at this season, were also rescued; the plant is indigenous only to the small island of Socotra, in the Indian Ocean, and the Botanical Garden is the only local source of cuttings. The main display greenhouse will be out of commission for some time to come, and the staff is laying plans for building up the exhibits again, a lengthy process at best. The temporary blooms will grow in a year or so, but it will be at least four years after the war, Mr. Everett thinks, before all the lost permanents are replaced. Dozens of people, regular frequenters of the Garden, have sent letters of condolence.

On Their Way

ONE person to whom the Christmas season brought unusual discomfiture is the wife of a Princeton professor, who dillydallied through most of December and found herself without any Christmas cards at the last moment. She put on her things, dashed into New York, and discovered that the stocks of most of the cards she liked were hopelessly depleted. She came upon one design that she liked, however, and that could be had in quantity. Buying three dozen of these cards in pleased surprise, she hurried home, hastily signed them, addressed the envelopes, and mailed them out—all but one. On Christmas Eve, for the first time, she had a really good look at this card, and she came sharply and fully to her senses when she discovered that what she had taken to be merely the outline of Kriss Kringle's greatcoat was also the edge of a folded flap, which, when lifted, revealed the legend:

This is just a note to say
That a little gift is on its way.

Otto of Essex

ARCHDUKE OTTO OF HAPSBURG getting his mail at Essex House has always seemed to us a somewhat incongruous picture, but when we finally got around to calling on him there, we found him blending into the background. For one thing, he was smoking a Chesterfield, and proud of it. "When I came to this country," he told us, "I saw that I would not be able to get my Egyptian cigarettes any more, so I thought, 'I will try all the American brands and find one, and it will be mine,' and Chesterfields won the competition." Inhaling deeply, he added, "Churchill smokes, Roosevelt smokes, I smoke, but not a puff out of Hitler, Goebbels, or Hirohito. Perhaps that is what makes them vicious." There was a phonograph in the room, with a stack of records, and Otto remarked that he was a devotee of jazz. "I mean the real jazz," he said, fervidly. "Of course you know that it is in itself an art." The name of Beiderbecke was on the tip of our tongue, but Otto continued, "Why, Sammy Kaye is really an artist. I would vote for Sammy Kaye in any contest, even against Guy Lombardo."

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"And that's all the news from here up to this minute."

• •

er on his mother's side. Churchill is linked to Henry Wallace through James Clark, one of the original settlers of New Haven. Francis Cooke, a Mayflower Pilgrim, is the lucky ancestor of both Taft and Roosevelt. The relationship between Roosevelt and Ham Fish involves a rather quaint tale. The common ancestor was a Jacob Walton, a merchant prince who flourished in New York City in the middle of the eighteenth century. He flourished so hard, as a matter of fact, that when the House of Lords was debating the tea tax and somebody said the colonists couldn't afford it, somebody else got a big laugh by saying, "What about the Waltons?" Anyway, Jacob Walton had a son, Abraham, who was F.D.R.'s ancestor. Abraham, though he had been a member of the New York Provincial Congress, stayed in New York when the British came, taking an oath of allegiance to the King. Meanwhile, Jacob's daughter, Mary, married General Lewis Morris, the Ham Fish ancestor. Morris was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and fought on the American side. After the war Ham Fish's ancestor succeeded in squaring things for F.D.R.'s ancestor, so that all the latter's confiscated property was restored to him. If he'd known what was coming later, he probably wouldn't have done it.

Baukhage, the Washington news commentator, awes Mr. Mann by being related to Roosevelt, Wallace, Churchill, MacArthur, Taft, and no living man knows whom else. Baukhage has *everything*, take Mann's word for it.

Quirt and Flagg

A YOUNG cadet, home from the sub-junior military academy he attends, fixing his mother with a set and jaundiced eye, remarked, "I *hate* my sergeant." "Do you, darling?" his mother said, all sympathy. "Yes, I do," the cadet said. "He sucks his thumb."

Death in the Greenhouse

AFTER reading the newspaper stories about the fire which destroyed the furnace of the main greenhouses at the Botanical Garden, allowing frost to kill off something like twenty-three thousand exotic specimens, we went up there to find out how the staff felt about the misfortune and to see what had been saved. Mr. Everett, the horticulturist, told us that his gardening staff, many of them elderly men, had worked as hard trying to save the plants as if they had been human victims, and were almost as worried about their chances of survival. "There were some touching scenes," he said. "We set up a stove in the root cellar and took the most valuable plants down there. One old

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hundred miles an hour through a light fog, the whole thing surrounded by wires —like a net to catch a run of herring.

For Rent

HEIGHO, it's getting on to a full year since Mrs. Marjorie Post Close Hutton Davies vacated her apartment at 1107 Fifth Avenue, where she had lived for seventeen years, and there seems to be no prospect of its being rented. Nice place, too: 54 rooms on three floors, 17 baths, 31 closets, a private elevator, a wine safe with a 10,000-bottle capacity, accommodations for 200 dinner guests, and north, south, east, and west exposures. Mrs. Davies paid $75,000 rent a year, but almost any serious offer would be considered now; they're asking only $30,000. Just call up Douglas Gibbons & Co. In ordinary times the owners could cut the place up into small apartments, but the ceiling of $1,000 per building on alterations went into effect just after Mrs. Davies got out; this is about 1/250th of the estimated cost of breaking up the apartment at No. 1107. The Douglas Gibbons people are madly jealous of Douglas Elliman's coup—or luck—in the matter of the old Arthur Brisbane apartment at 1215 Fifth; it was broken up just before the ceiling went into effect, and is now one-hundred-per-cent rented to members of lower-income groups.

Long before the Davies apartment building was built, in 1924, there was a private house at that address, owned and used by Mrs. Davies, who was then Mrs. Hutton. She sold out to the builders only on the condition that they would top off the proposed apartment building with a duplicate of her house. There was also an agreement that when she eventually moved out she might take with her everything which had been added during her incumbency. We recently inspected the empty apartment, and would say that Mrs. Davies had carried this out almost to the letter. The man who let us in pointed out that the hooks were gone from the closets. "Liquor, too," he added moodily. "When they got out, we beat it up to the liquor closet first thing, but there wasn't even a cork left." The rail from the main stairway is gone; it was wrought iron, and Mrs. Davies probably thought she'd find a use for it somewhere else. Likewise her bathroom fixtures, which were gold, or at least heavily gold-plated. The medicine cabinets from the servants' bedrooms had also been removed under the everything-added clause but had been returned in crates, and were lying in a corner. A great deal of shoe polish had been left—Griffin's Allwite, 2-in-1, Whittemore's, etc. "We wondered about that," our man told us. "Only thing we could figure, people aren't so particular about shoes in Washington." Washington is where the Davieses have gone, of course, lock, stock, and bathroom fixtures. There were great mounds of keys lying about, all meticulously labelled, "Miss Nedenia's Bath," "Mr. Davies' Upper Left-Hand Tie Drawer," etc. The switchboard in the servants' hall is still there, with sixty-eight phone outlets, including one in every master bath, and so is the special refrigerated room intended for the use of florists before a party.

The only serious nibble for the Davies apartment has come from the Russian Embassy, but that fell through. The place might serve as a snooty girls' school or, if it weren't for the zoning restrictions, a night club. We remember a speakeasy something like it in the old days.

Fame

THE United Seamen's Service runs a canteen on Thirty-seventh Street, offering the men from the merchant ships a refuge from the social bleakness of South Street. One of the lady volunteers there was accosted the other day by an old salt who said he wanted to congratulate her on the work she was doing. "You're a great woman, Ma'am," he said. "Maybe no Florence Nightingale or Lydia Pinkham, but a great woman just the same."

One Big Family

LAST week we hunted up Conklin Mann, the amateur genealogist who came out in the newspapers with his finding that Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill are seventh cousins once removed, and Mr. Mann coughed up a lot more. For instance, Roosevelt and General MacArthur are sixth cousins once removed, MacArthur and Churchill are eighth cousins, and Henry Wallace and Churchill are eighth cousins, although not through the same ancestor as the Roosevelt-Churchill one. And, just by way of proving that even genealogy can be carried too far, Mr. Mann dug up evidence that Roosevelt is an eighth cousin of Senator Taft and a fourth cousin, once removed, of Ham Fish. Having got to this point, he thought it necessary to deny that everybody is related to everybody else if you delve far enough back into their ancestry. "And," he added, "don't get the idea that if you have New England ancestors you're related to everybody else with New England ancestors. Propinquity has much to do with it, but not everything." Mr. Mann, by the way, is seriously regarded among genealogists. For one thing, he has pursued the study for fifteen years. Genealogically speaking, Mann himself may be described as a fifth cousin of Lloyd Paul Stryker, the militant attorney.

We gathered that genealogists have always known that Roosevelt and Churchill were somehow related but had thought the tie was more tenuous. Mann's feat consisted in digging up one Henry Glover, who makes the two airtight seventh cousins once removed. Glover, who lived in New Haven late in the seventeenth century, was no ball of fire, but he had an interest in a merchant ship and he served a term as the town quartermaster, whatever the town quartermaster may have been. Roosevelt and MacArthur, Mann told us, have twenty-one known American ancestors in common, of whom seventeen came to this country as colonists. One of the Roosevelt-MacArthur ancestors, a Thomas Pope, created something of a scandal in Plymouth in 1670, when he was fined ten shillings for "vilifying the ministry." Another was the Reverend Samuel Hunt, who went to Harvard, class of 1700, and was a window-breaking fool, at a time when glass was more a novelty than it is now. He's down in the records as having broken four windows on college property. Roosevelt's and MacArthur's common ancestry is traced through two lines. Captain Lemuel Pope m. Elizabeth Hunt, and Hannah Pope (Capt. Lem's sister) m. the Reverend Samuel Hunt, the Harvard hellion, who was Elizabeth's brother.

MacArthur's and Churchill's eighth-cousinship is established through a Joseph Farnsworth, who lived in Dorchester, Massachusetts, and was a coop-

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE notice there's a book out called "How to Retire and Like It." We haven't seen it, but it is certainly one of those books which are a living denial of their own theme. Writing a book is hard work, any way you look at it, and anybody who is doing that much work is not retired—he is up and around. The literary life is, in fact, the greatest hurdle for anyone who is racing toward the goal of ease and leisure. For those who come fresh to that life from some other sort of life, it is a tremendous stimulus and driving force, because of new excitements and checks from magazines and all that sort of thing; and for those who have always lived the life, there is no end to it short of the grave. A few people have been able to stop writing, but you can number them on the keys of your typewriter.

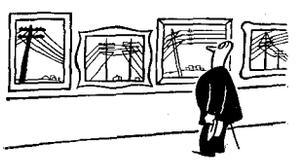
IMAGINE, if you can, what the literary life has done to Mrs. Louise Dickinson Rich, who wrote a book called "We Took to the Woods," describing the pleasures of isolation. Her book is now a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, and although the author may still rise early and get breakfast with her mittens on, she unquestionably faces a long, gruelling day indoors at a desk piled high with letters from wistful escapists, thwarted woodsmen, and publishers. We like to lie in our snug city bed at night and think of the Rich

cottage in the Maine woods, with the snow drifting around the eaves and the letters accumulating in the living room, near Ralph's gum boots. Next summer, if our guess is any good, the road which goes by their camp will resound to the thud of sightseers and pioneers of one sort or another, and Mrs. Rich will sneak silently over the ridge with her portable and start the first chapter of the inevitable sequel, called "We Took to Our Heels."

ALMOST on the eve of the first New Year's Day to fall within the Century of the Common Man, we were thrown into a fit of gloom by an announcement in the press that "Washington" might encourage a plan whereby the common man would be encouraged to buy refrigerators and other weighty consumer goods for delivery after the war, paying for them now on the installment plan. We have named this the Show-Me-First-Your-Penny Plan, and would like to say, in the language of the common man, that it stinks on wheels. For one thing, it will mean the immediate revival of high-pressure salesmanship, credit bureaus, collection agencies, and the word "frankly," without which no collection agency can function. ("Frankly, Madam, we must ask for immediate payment, otherwise we will be forced to place this matter in the hands of our attorneys.") In the old days a man could at least keep a couple of bottles of beer in the icebox to cheer himself up when he got to worrying about his credit; now he won't even have the icebox. Also, we are going to be bothered by the inevitable transposition of big-business language into the future tense. "Ask the man who's going to own one as soon as the war is over and we get into production!" the advertisements will cry, and the credit manager, with a steely glint in his eyes, will murmur, "Frankly, your delinquency will force us to repossess the machine—as soon as it is manufactured and delivered to you."

THE OWI wants all movie scenarios to be submitted to it before production, but the producers are hesitating because they are afraid somebody will steal the plots. In the light of Hollywood's quandary, we'll make an embarrassing admission: for weeks we have had in the top drawer of our desk an original scenario. It has its special charm, we're sure, but we've put off sending it West, recollecting all those nasty suits over studio piracy that we've been hearing about for years. We are waiting for the outcome of the movie companies' soul-searching, therefore, with some curiosity. If their final decision pleases us, one of them may get a look at our script, which is about a vital industry that wins happiness by trusting its government.

AS we predicted about ten years ago to our jeering audience of skeptics, the family plane of the future will have sustaining rotors and will be capable of flying slowly. Already plans are being laid for the helicopter age which will follow the war, shutting off the sun and uprooting what is left of the American home. To this ominous cloud we think there's a silver lining, however. We predict that when planes get to be as numerous as cars, telephone and telegraph wires will have to be placed underground (where they belong) in order to keep the human race from becoming extinct. Thus the landscape will regain something of its original simplicity, and a man will again be able to go to an art exhibition without finding that



every third painting is a study of electric wires strung on poles in the desolate outskirts of a city on a dreary day.

For the galleries of tomorrow we recommend that there be one painting, as a permanent exhibit, to commemorate the suicidal decade we are now living through: a large canvas showing an airport toward which planes grope at two

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LOOK ALIVE

The languorous look is out for the duration. There's work to be done. And you're doing it—more than you ever thought you could. When you look alive you *feel* alive. When you feel alive you *act* alive. So look alive

WITH Germaine Monteil's **CLEANSING CREAM AND SKIN FRESHENER**

to liberate your skin from its mask of grime.

Germaine Monteil's **NIGHT AND ROSE SKIN CREAM**

to soothe and lubricate your skin while you sleep.

Germaine Monteil's **BEAUTY BALM**

to protect your skin, to give it living translucency.

Germaine Monteil's **POWDER**

a sheer veil of loveliness as invisible as wind.

Germaine Monteil's **LIPSTICK**

to animate your own skin tone with vital color.

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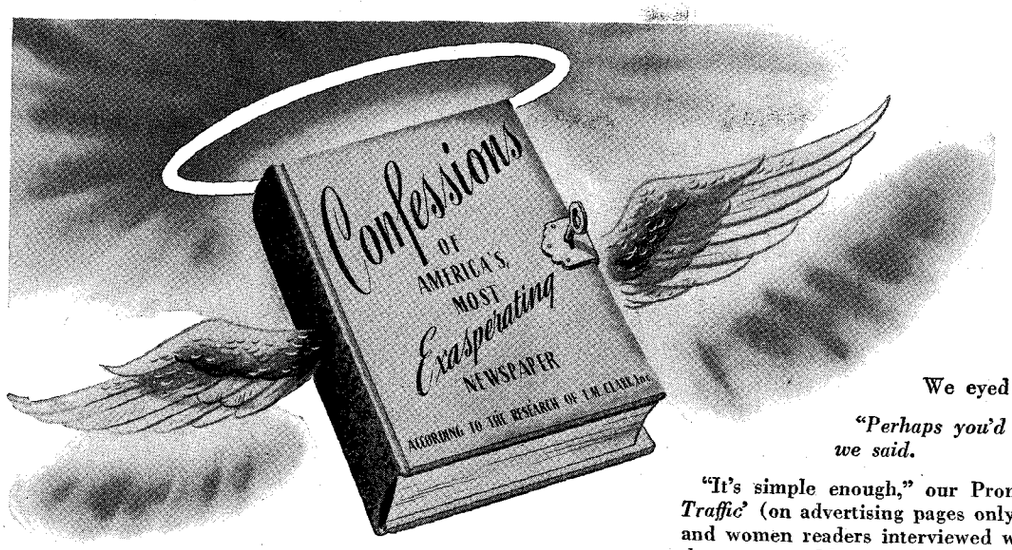

AS LONG as we live, we'll never forget the day our Promotion Man came in, sat down and told us the *truth* about ourselves.

He looked us straight in the eye when he said it.

"This newspaper is an *exasperating* newspaper," he said. "I hate to admit it, but we're the most *exasperating* thing in American newsprint today! We're *exasperating* clear through."

Honestly, we didn't know which way to look.

"Exasperating?" we stammered. "But Mr. . . ."

"Yes, *exasperating*," he repeated. "The L. M. Clark people have given us a complete examination. They've interviewed thousands of our readers. They've been over us as thoroughly as they went over 22 other newspapers all over the country. And we're worse than any of 'em. We're *really* exasperating! Why, do you know what kind of paper we are?"

We blushed. We hung our head.

"What kind," we asked limply.

"The kind that keeps people from playing bridge on trains, or hashing over the neighbors," he said. "The kind that causes strong men to snub their friends in the subway and bump pedestrians along the sidewalk. The kind . . ."

"Wait!" we gasped.

"The kind that's always making a reader trip over a columnist and fall smack into an advertisement, so it hurts. And that's not all . . ."

"Listen . . ." we begged.

"The kind that worms its way into a reader's subconscious and makes him babble in his sleep about soap and shoes, Lippmann and Libya, cosmetics and cigarettes — till he wakes up screaming and rushes out to a store. *That* kind. Just plain *exasperating*."

We just sat there and stared at him.

"But that's awful," we said. "Isn't there something we can do about it?"

"Look at our *'Reader Traffic,'*" he went on, ignoring us. "It's the best yet. And our *'Observation per 100 Lines of Advertising'—that* tops anything the Clark Studies have found in any other newspaper in the country. We're the *champs* there! Undeniably! No question about it!"

We eyed him suspiciously.

"Perhaps you'd better get down to details," we said.

"It's simple enough," our Promotion Man said. "*'Reader Traffic'* (on advertising pages only) means the number of men and women readers interviewed who *remembered* having *seen* those pages. More of them were *compelled* to see ours, that's all. Now, *'Observation per 100 Lines'* . . ."

"Wait!" we cried. But he wasn't listening.

"'Observation per 100 Lines,'" he continued, "is the number of men and women interviewed who *remembered* particular *advertisements* on those pages. We had more of those, too. That's serious!"

"Serious?" we said.

He smiled.

"Certainly," he said. "That's where we're *exasperating*. We *make* more readers read our paper—really *read it!* We make 'em spend *more time* reading. We make 'em *see* more. Let 'em rush through? No, sir! Why, we even make 'em read the *ads!* We're just about the worst offender in this respect. And I call it pretty *exasperating*. Don't you?"

We stared at him, realization dawning.

Our Promotion Man got up, the 156-page Clark report under his arm, and a wild look in his eye. At the door he turned and smiled at us. It was an *exasperating* smile.

HOW *well* read is it? What pages are read *most?*

How many men and women *actually read* those pages?

Do *right-hand* pages get more readership than *lefts?*

How's the Reader Traffic from *first* page to *last?*

To answer these and scores of other questions, L. M. Clark, Inc., since 1939 has surveyed readers of 23 leading newspapers across the country. What L. M. Clark, Inc. found out about *The Boston Globe*—and comparisons with similar findings for 22 other American newspapers—is presented in a booklet, *"Confessions of America's Most Exasperating Newspaper."*

May we send you a copy?

The Boston Globe

MORNING • EVENING • SUNDAY

John B. Woodward, Inc.
New York • San Francisco • Los Angeles

Osborn, Scolaro, Meeker & Co.
Chicago • Detroit • St. Louis

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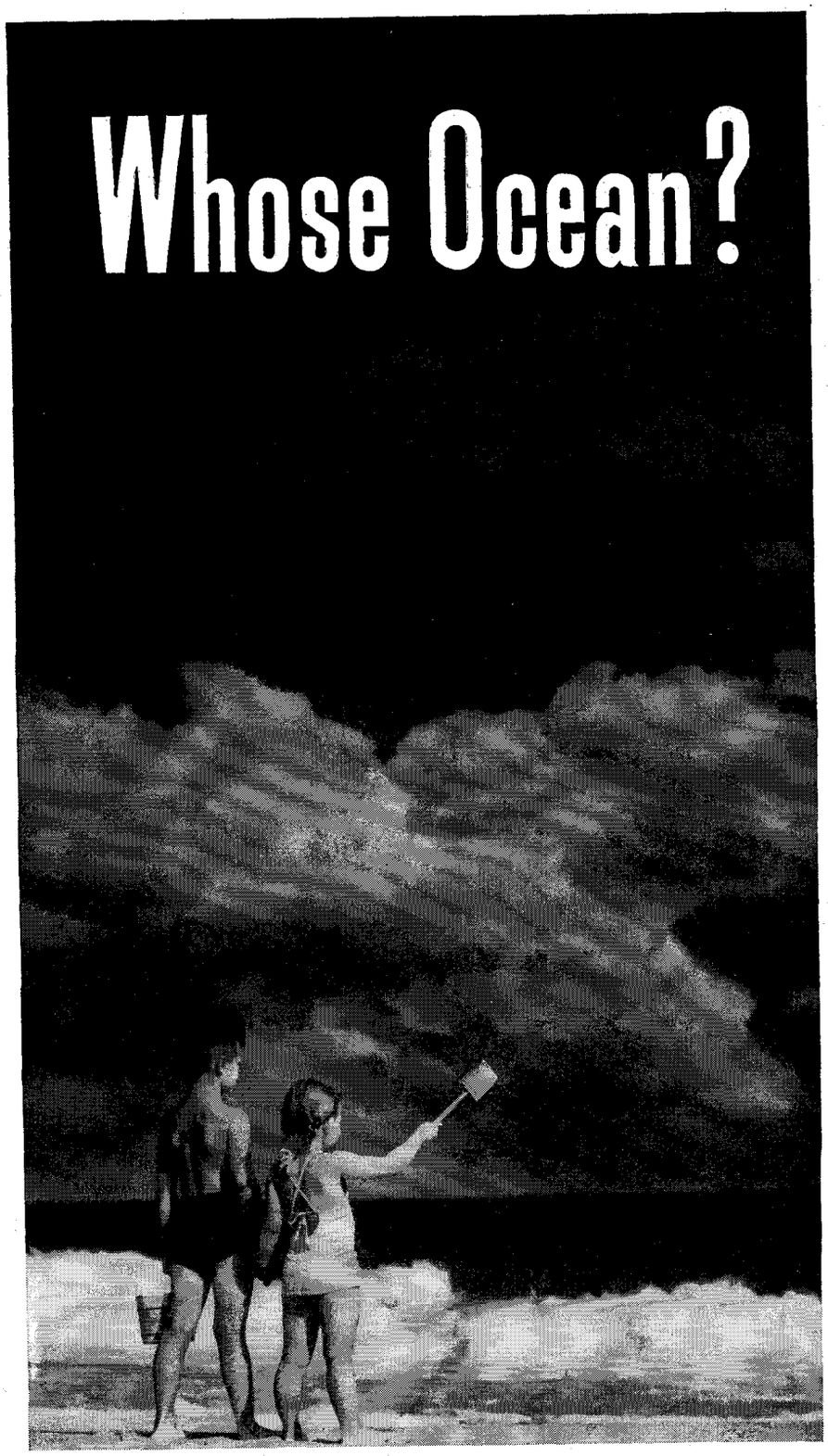
Whose Ocean?



On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there's scarcely a square foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers —*our* soldiers—American women and children—*our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop a* bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Let your employer set aside 10% of your pay every payday. Each time your savings amount to $18.75, you get a bond worth $25.00 in ten years.

That's the way we *Americans* will do it. We won't sit back indifferent.

We won't "wait and see" until there's nothing left to see.

"Do it now" is a good American slogan. So let's *do* it!

It's later than you think!

EVERYBODY EVERY PAYDAY AT LEAST 10%

DO YOU KNOW?

- When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33⅓ percent more in 10 years! You get back $4 for every $3 you invest!
- These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semiannually!
- Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes savings easy!
- Joining your bank's Victory Club (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for War Bonds for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.
- You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!
- You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents.

EVERYBODY EVERY PAY DAY 10% in War Bonds

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ed by Sergei Eisenstein. FRI. AND SAT., JAN. 8-9: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), directed by Josef von Sternberg.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), is this borough's clearing house for residents who want to help by taking one of the many hundreds of emergency jobs that are in urgent need of filling. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.) The C.D.V.O. is prepared to assign men and women to wartime tasks and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, and United Service Organizations.

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O. at the moment, all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) men and women to put in whatever daytime or evening hours they can spare—but on a regular schedule—doing clerical work in draft-board and similar offices; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (5) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every fortnight, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for an eight-hour period each week.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis have been asked to register with the C.D.V.O. to serve as spot workers on short-notice jobs.

SALVAGE—The government is still asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal and to bear in mind that salvage should not be mixed; rags, for instance, should be kept separate from rubber. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of explosives. If you want to help out, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep-frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can, and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Householders are being urged to continue washing and flattening their tin cans after cutting out both ends and removing their paper labels. Your building superintendent will see that those you save are turned over to the proper authorities; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Women have been asked to save old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed for making gunpowder bags, among other things, and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Provisions for volunteering and for collecting salvage are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking guidance, but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any. If you can't locate an efficient one and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—Although Christmas is over, the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), still wants packages to send to soldiers overseas. These packages should be no larger than a shoebox and should contain such articles as soap, toothbrushes, hard candy, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades, shoe polish, chewing gum, and stationery. The organization is also eager to get any phonographs and records, radios, musical instruments, floor lamps, and games (especially basketball and ping-pong equipment) which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. . . . The government wants to borrow, for military purposes, snapshots and movies you may have taken during trips abroad in what is now enemy-occupied territory. If you have some to lend, no matter how long ago they were taken, write for details of what's wanted to the office of Strategic Services (Strategic Photos), Box 46, Station G, New York City. . . . The Army is looking for 300,000 dogs without previous field training, each weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old, to train for sentry, pack, and messenger duty. Owners willing to part with one or more should register them with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471).

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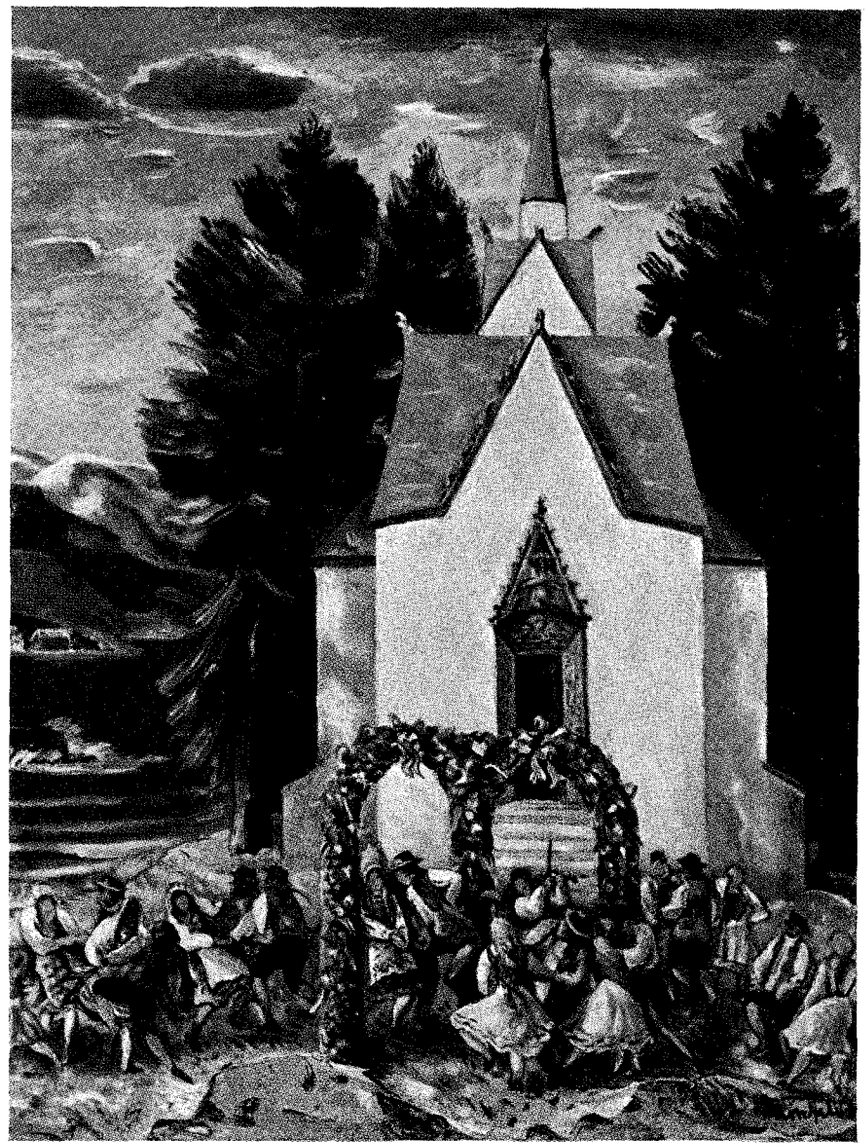

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